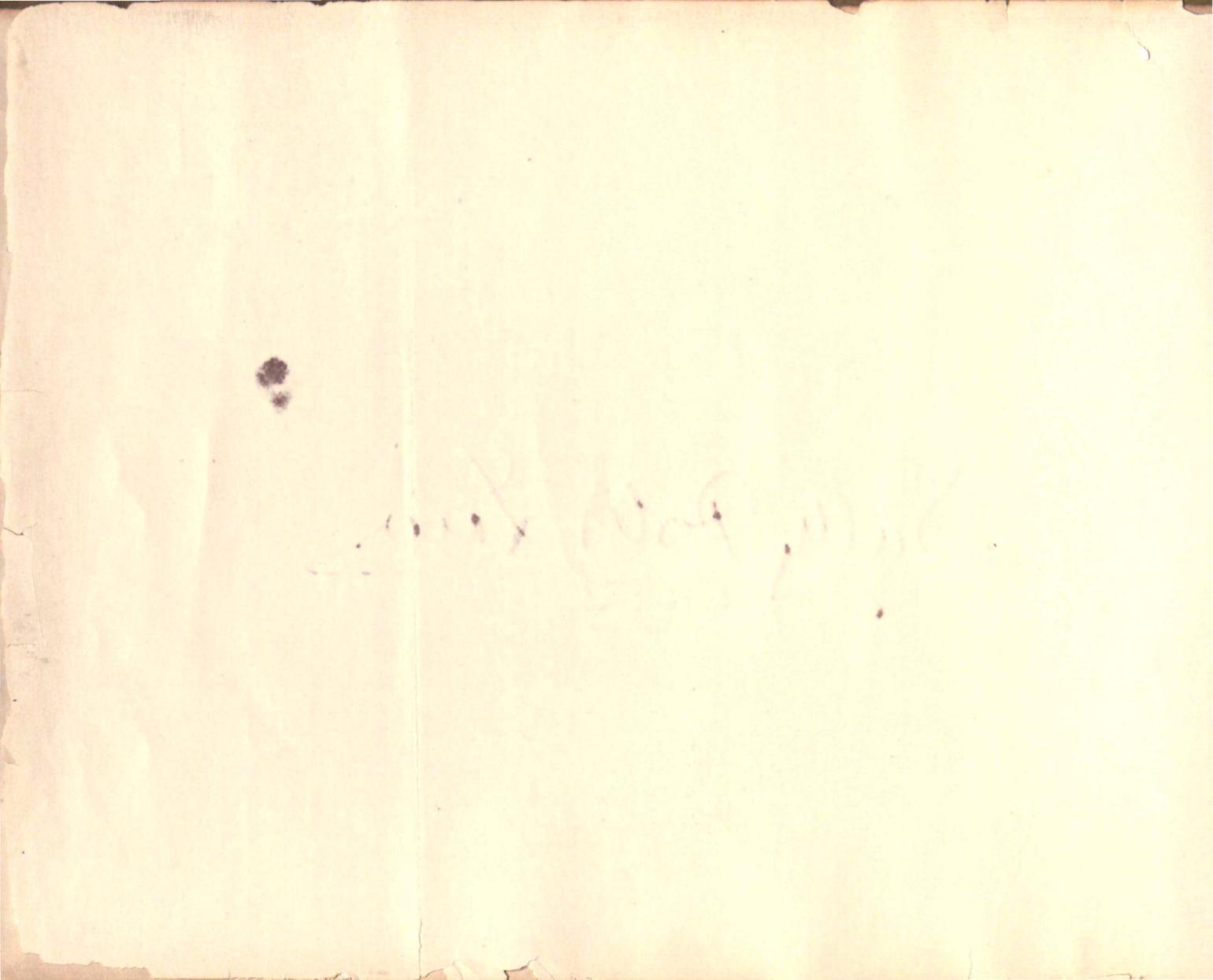
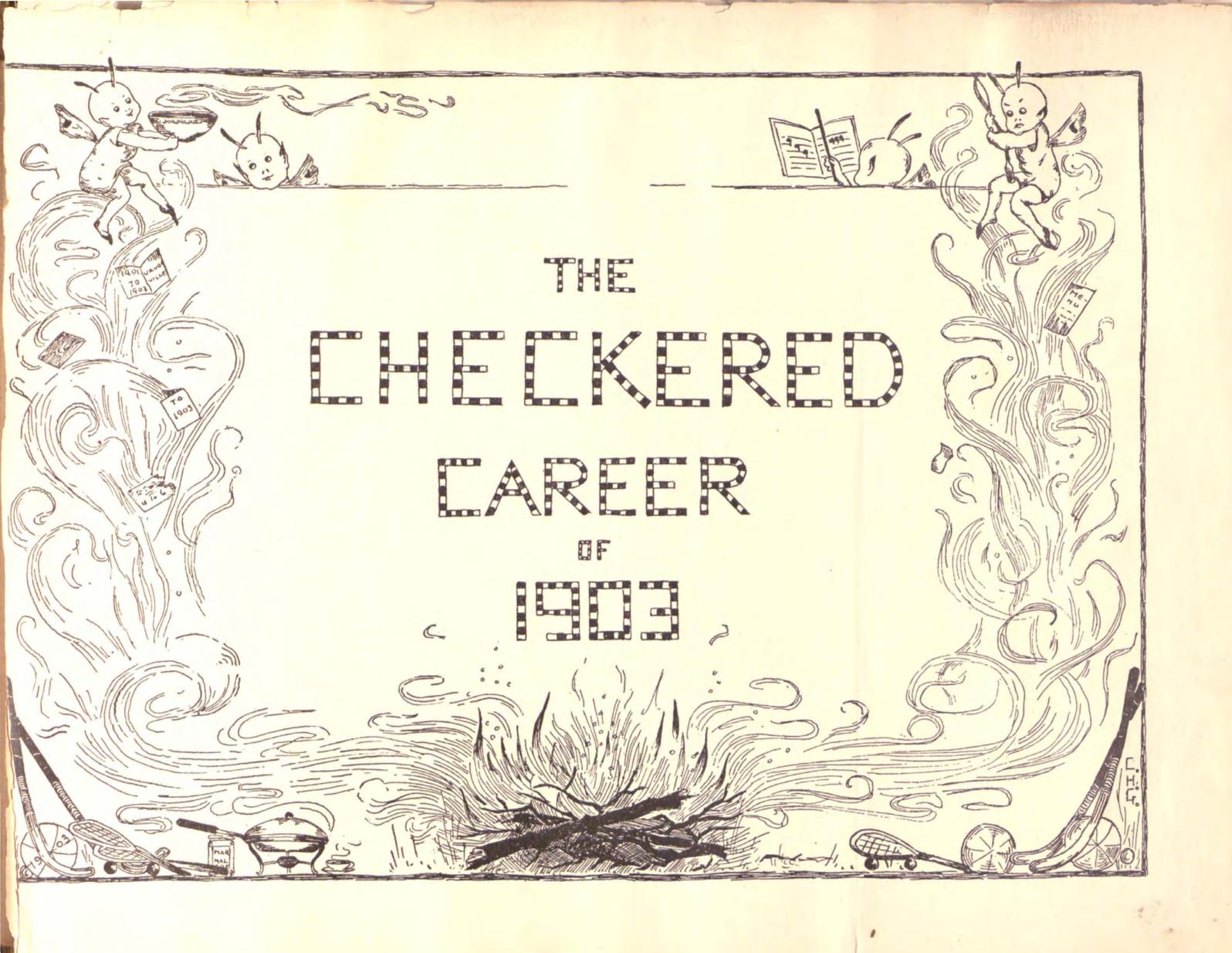


THE GIFT OF

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Sally Dostin Live

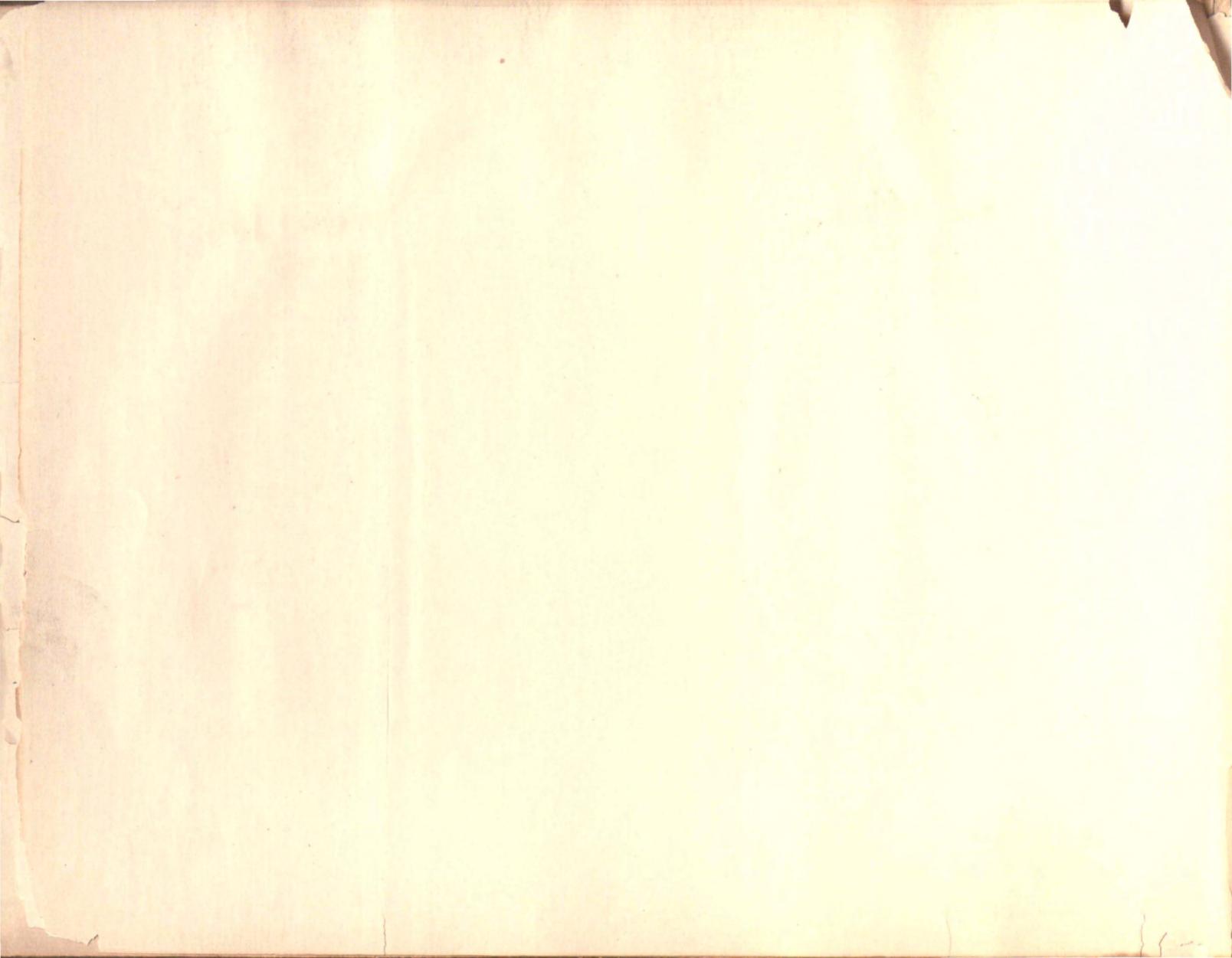




Archiees BM 378.73B9 1903 Cypy 2

Freshman Year

3



Class Officers

Chairman—CHARLOTTE MORTON.

Temporary Secretary—DOROTHEA DAY.

President—ANNA TUCKER PHILLIPS.

Vice-President and Treasurer-MARJORIE CHENEY.

Secretary—DOROTHEA DAY.





October Third, 1899

Oh, we are Nineteen-three.

How tunefully we sing!

What a fine class are we—

Hear all the campus ring!

Yes, we are Nineteen-three,

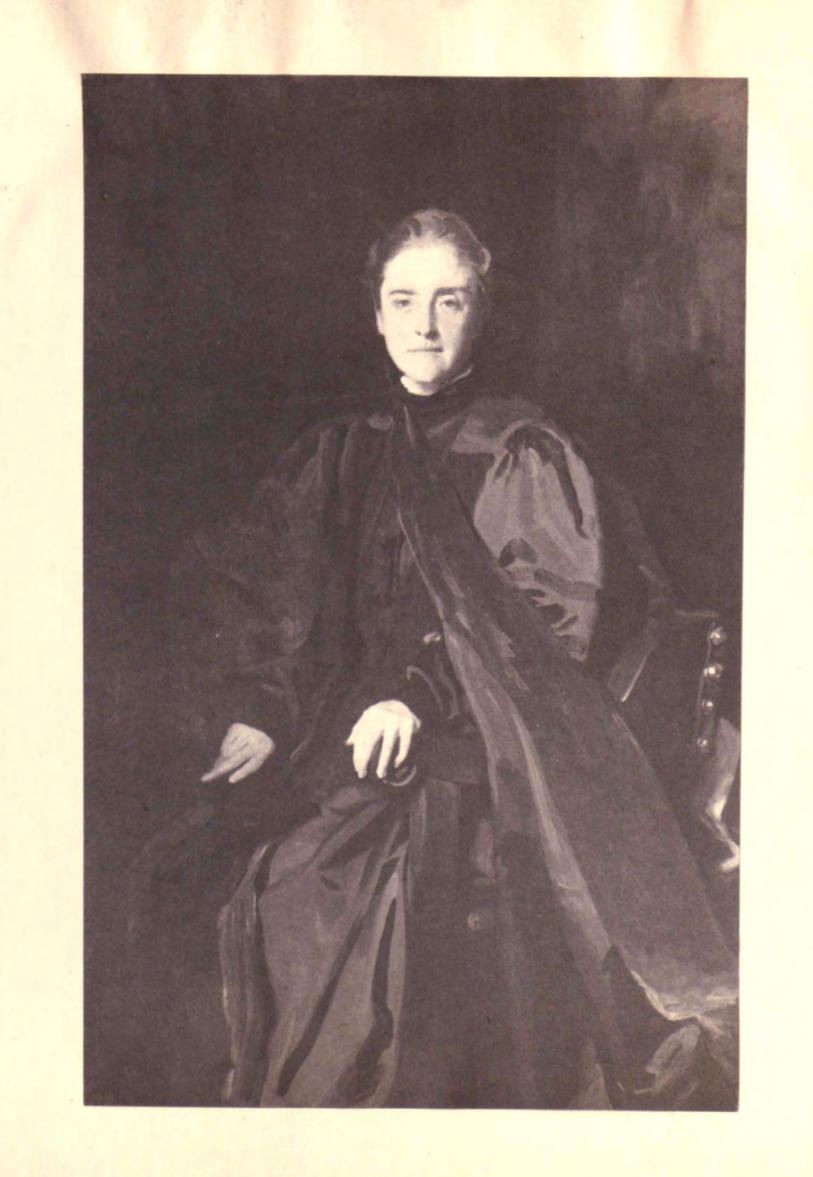
You can hear us from afar,

Tho' our color may be green,

It can easily be seen

That we shall be a credit to Bryn Mawr!

-Authorship unknown (or unacknowledged).



The Presentation of Miss Thomas' Portrait

A FTER all, there are some ways in which we who are in college now are more fortunate than those honored predecessors to whom we have felt ourselves of late so closely drawn. They had, doubtless, the advantage, lost to us in the growth of the community, of closer intimacy with the head of the college, the faculty, and the illustrious leaders in any direction; but it is something for us to remember that our college course has seen a lasting gift to Bryn Mawr, and a recognition, prompted by sincerest gratitude, of the debt we owe our president.

There was something in the air on Saturday last akin to the spirit so absorbing and so contagious in the last week of college; and indeed there were actual reminders of Commencement Day in the unusual decoration of the chapel, the rows of trustees on the platform, the marshaled array of professors, officers and friends of the college, and last of all, the throng of returned alumnæ. It was their day—theirs and ours; and we were glad to join them in paying honor to "our president, their dean," as Marian MacIntosh named Miss Thomas in her short opening speech, dwelling on the title endeared by association. Miss MacIntosh was followed in the presentation by May Campbell, '97, representative of the more recent classes, and Edna Fischel for the students now in college.

And finally the things that we were still waiting to hear and the things that everyone had been vaguely thinking, Louise Brownell said. She reviewed the principles, the steadfast observance of which through any hindrance has made Miss Thomas the person living who has done most for women's education; exemplified them in the history of Bryn Mawr, and showed their effect on the secondary schools. Miss Brownell's closing words referred to that personal indebtedness for which words are inadequate, as they must be for the expression of all the deeper human relations, but of which a portrait is perhaps the most fitting memorial.

Here was the climax, and Miss Martha Thomas, with a few words of presentation, unveiled the portrait. Of the merits of the picture it is no time to speak, until we have learned to know it by daylight; and even so, if one may judge by the universal discussion, everything has been said already. The careful and delicate study of the subject must have come with some surprise to such as know Sargent only from the bold strokes of characterization and the opposed masses of light and shadow of the "Prophets," but those who from an acquaintance with his "Stevenson" and some of the later portraits, expected a more subtle apprehension and suggestion of the personality of the subject, were, I think, not disappointed. The attitude is simple and natural. Miss Thomas, dressed in gown and hood, looks out almost directly from the large dark canvas; her hands, one holding the cap, rest in her lap; the only color is given by the blue sweep of the hood, falling low over the left arm.

In receiving the portrait, Mr. Scull spoke very briefly for the trustees, and was followed by Mr. James Wood. Mr. Wood, in his address of thanks, spoke of the three great names of the college—Dr. Taylor, the founder; Dr. Rhoads, whom we who did not know him have been taught to love, and Miss Thomas, whose fortune it was that afternoon to hear more words of admiration, of gratitude, and of personal devotion than fall to the lot of most mortals in the space of years.

So the great event was over, except for those who had the pleasure of completing it in the hospitality of the deanery: the portrait—our portrait—belongs to the college and to the future. But that future, past and present of Bryn Mawr are one, I think we cannot doubt, as authorities and student-body, faculty and students, graduates and undergraduates, upper-classmen and lower-classmen are one, in standing for the idea of women's education, for which it is our pride that Miss Thomas pre-eminently stands.

C. S. N., '99, in the Fortnightly Philistine.



High Elass Yaudeville

1N

THE Gymnasium

Under the management of 1901

Admit One 8 P.M Oct. 13th

Junior Entertainment and Flag Presentation

October 13, 1899.

IKE everything that '01 gives, the entertainment for the Freshmen on Friday the thirteenth was clever, entertaining and well managed.

When 'o3 entered the Gymnasium it was to find not a gymnasium, but a music hall, set out with little tables to which dainty maids in red and white or butlers in costume brought little cakes and cider in souvenir steins.

The stage was arranged with attendants and placards at the sides announcing each number of the excellent "High-Class Vaudeville." Miss Archbald was a soubrette of the most approved type. The "Poses Plastiques" looked so like their originals that the audience was at once transported to the typical double suite in any of the college halls. The songs of the "Bangor Banjo Family" were only equaled by their instrumental performance, and we feel sure that could "Pat Malone" have heard their pathetic rendering of his tragic history he would indeed forget "that he was dead" and be lost in admiration. The "Pumpkin Pickaninnies" did a splendid cake-walk and were unrecognizable by their dearest friends. The farce "Phlorine," written by Miss Daly, was the crowning event of the entertainment, and all the actors deserve especial credit.

At the end of the evening, '03 received their class flag, and the applause which they gave '01 was truly admirable.

The usual singing, cheering and dancing followed the performance.

E. C., '02, in the Fortnightly Philistine.

1902 to 1903

October 20, 1899

The Adventure of the Lady Ursula

Song: 1903 to 1902

Tune: "Just One Girl."

Who is it that welcomes the Freshmen?
Sophomore! Sophomore!
To whom do we look for direction?
Sophomore, Sophomore.
Who gives us much wholesome correction?
Sophomore, Sophomore.
Their play is a thing of perfection.
Hurrah for the Sophomores!

CHORUS.

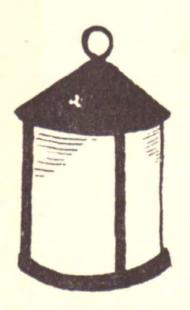
Sophomores, you we crown with fame.

No more now do we fear your most dreaded name.

Stand by us, and we'll stand by you;

Here's three cheers for the fine Class of 1902!

Cantern Prezentation

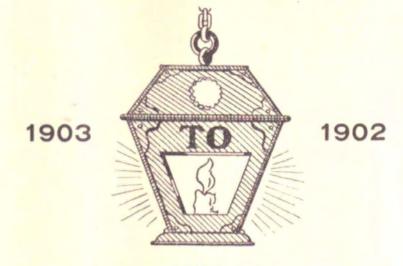


1902 TO 1903

NOVEMBER 6, 1899



BRYN MAWR COLLEGE



NOVEMBER TENTH

1899

THE QUEST OF THE LANTERN

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

Act I. Court of Hades.

Act II. Scene 1. Street in Athens.

Scene 2. Residence of Diogenes.

Act III. Neptune's Palace under the Sea.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| Mephistopheles | Anna Tucker Phillips | Sophomore | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------|--|--|
| Neptune | Gertrude E. Dietrich | Junior Ethel Hulburd | | | |
| Lieutenant Hobson | | Queen Elizabeth | | | |
| Diogenes | | PocahontasElsi | e Elizabeth Lowrey | | |
| HoraceRosamund Allen | | Leading Nymph | | | |
| NebuchadnezzarSophie Boucher | | Philippine Lady Constance D. Leupp | | | |
| Blue Beard | | | (Anne Sherwin | | |
| Doorkeeper of Hades | Marjorie Crissy Green | Athenian Ladies | Marguerite Bissell | | |
| Athenian Men | (Ruth Bowman Whitney | | Eleanor L. Burrell | | |
| | Helen Ireson Brayton | Booth Girl | Helen Lucile Peck | | |
| Newsboy Eunice Dana Follansbee | | Freshman(Anne Maynard Kidder) | | | |
| Bo-Peep | Margaret Eliot Field | | Marjorie Cheney | | |
| | | | | | |

CHORUSES

Imps, Greek Girls, Sea Nymphs.

| Marjorie Cris | sy Green | Eva White | | Rosalie Telfa | air Jame |
|---------------|------------|--------------|----------|---------------|----------|
| Dorothea Day | У | Ethel M. Ba | con | Caroline F. | Wagne |
| Charlotte Moi | ffit | Louise Parke | Atherton | Helen J. Ray | ymond |
| Helen R. Cal | der | | | | |
| 1 | | | | 77.4 | |
| | | | | | |
| Stag | ge Manager | | | Marjorie | Cheney |
| | | | | | |





The Freshman Play

AND there is no new thing under the sun." So said the Freshmen, in a spirit of graceful and cheerful deprecation, which won the hearts of their audience, even before the curtain rose, and the Quest of the Lantern began. But when the curtain did rise, it became very clear indeed to the spectators that there was something new, if not under the sun, at least under the pallid Welsbachs of the Gymnasium. New spirit, for instance; new music, new dances, new—yes, upon our honor,—new jokes!

The most striking feature of this charming play was the dash and vigor with which it was conducted; a dash that never flagged, a vigor that seemed, and doubtless was, the result of genuine enjoyment and good-will. There was life, motion, merriment, and the interest was sustained from first to last, without effort on the part of either actors or auditors.

The authors are to be congratulated, especially Miss Cheney, whose struggles in behalf of her class were so great and so successful. Miss Phillips' Mephistopheles was one of the gracefulest bits of acting and singing that we have seen at Bryn Mawr; the choruses were excellently trained, and the stage effects really wonderful. We never thought we should live to see such completeness and picturesqueness of scenic arrangement upon that wedge-shaped atrocity known as the Bryn Mawr stage.

We are a little dubious as to the ethical accuracy of parts of the play; for instance, we are inclined to smile whenever we recollect the expression of 1901's face when that honorable body beheld itself represented as a very guileless angel. We felt our brains rotate dizzily during our attempt to follow the flight of the Bryn Mawr Freshman through Hades and ancient Greece, and under the depths of the sheeted sea. But perish the critic! We loved the play; and we thank its authors, actors, and managers, and the jovial Class of 1903.

From the Fortnightly Philistine.

The School for Scandal

December 9, 1899.

THE successful rendering of Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," on Friday evening last, is a striking illustration of how wise it is to aim high and to attempt the almost impossible,—and so to produce something which may fairly rank as an achievement.

The chief character, "Joseph Surface," is full of difficulty for the amateur; and Miss Ritchie's rendering was intelligent and finished. She managed by restrained and expressive action and by subtle change of expression to convey a very fair impression of smiling villainy. Miss Ritchie, we may add, seemed entirely unconscious of her hands and feet, and in consequence they became as expressive as her face.

Miss Daly is to be heartily congratulated. The difficulties of managing a play so that it passes off without a hitch, and at the same time sustaining the chief feminine rôle, can be fairly estimated only by one who has been either stage manager or leading lady. Miss Daly was at her best in the later scenes with "Sir Peter" and "Joseph Surface," especially in the screen scene, in which emotional intensity lent force to her acting.

In a play so full of "fat" parts it is impossible to speak at length of all. The rôles of "Lady Sneerwell," "Mrs. Candour" and "Maria" were well filled. We would also especially mention the capital acting of Miss Parris and Miss Southgate as "Sir Benj. Backbite" and "Mr. Crabtree" and the very easy joviality of Miss Houghton, who made a very delightful figure of careless and irresponsible youth as "Charles Surface." Miss Spencer was an excellent fussy and blustering "Sir Peter," and the very difficult rôle of "Sir Oliver" was well done by Miss Lord.

The ensemble scenes were unusually well managed, especially the drinking scene in "Charles Surface's" house, where excellent judgment was shown in substituting rollicking mirth for the ribald sport of stage rendering. The song with its noisy chorus was sung in a charming way and with great spirit by Miss Farquhar.

The alumnæ on the front row had little to say of the performance but praise. They regretted that the simplicity of the earlier days seemed to be out of date, and that real satin and velvet, with a proportionate increase in "necessary expenses," had taken the place of paper muslin at four cents a yard and double-faced canton flannel, while they acknowledged that the costumes were very effective, and the actors looked as if they had stepped out of Abbey's illustrations.

The thing was well worth doing, and it was done well. May there be many more such plays!

From the Fortnightly Philistine.

1903 to 1901

March 10, 1900.

A Melodramatic Medley

| I. | THE MAD TEA PARTY. |
|------|--|
| | Hatter Sophie Boucher March Hare Maud Spencer |
| | Dormouse |
| | Alice |
| II. | SONGS. |
| | Spring Flowers |
| III. | DANCE |
| IV. | SONGDorothea Day and Frances Martin |
| V. | THE LOAN OF A LYRE. |
| | An adaptation by Mr. F. T. Hall. |
| | Meliboeus Barcarole, a popular lyric poet. Eunice Follansbee Milton Barcarole, his nephew |
| | Philena Winslow |
| | Mrs. Meliboeus Barcarole, wife of the poetRuth Strong |
| | Miss Lillie Lawton |

1903 to 1901

SONG.

We find it very difficult to give this play to-night,
For what the Juniors gave to us was simply out of sight!
They showed originality and bully acting, too.
And this poor attempt to-night, O Juniors, we give you!
We hope you're not too critical, for we are very young.
We have no wit, we make no hit, and stale is all our fun.
With your example before us, O wondrous things we'll do.
We'll never follow another class, we'll always follow you!

CHORUS.

Follow on, follow on, and wonderful things we will do!

No matter how good, we never could be half so good as you.

Follow on, follow on, our allegiance you have won.

The Junior Class, we think, will pass. Three cheers for 1901!

CHEER.

Do not run, 1901! Stay and see, 1903!

A Melodramatic Medley

Such was the alluring title of the performance given by '03 to '01, in the Gymnasium last Saturday night. The factor toward making the occasion more than usually agreeable to the Junior Class was, that the Freshmen had followed no precedent, but gave the "Medley" purely out of good-will and regard for '01. The curtain rose, or rather parted, on the "Mad Tea Party" from "Alice in Wonderland," a performance quite realizing our ideal of that demented function. Miss Raymond as "Alice" with her long, blonde hair and her air of naïve bewilderment, was quite as perfect an "Alice" as could be wished for. Miss Spencer was most amusing as the "March Hare," as was also Miss Wattson, who took the part of the "Dormouse," and upon whose soporific tendency tea seemed to have lost its usual effect. The "Hatter" was capitally done by Miss Boucher, who put great force and spirit into her lines. The "Tea Party" was quite too short to satisfy the audience, and the applause was long continued after the curtain fell upon it.

Next on the program were three songs, delightfully sung by Miss Phillips.

Perhaps the most successful event of the evening was the dance which followed, by Miss Montague, in which all the amusing features of a cake-walk were combined in a "pas seul." Not only was Miss Montague's costume gorgeous in the extreme—we have rarely seen such telling effects achieved in the use of color—but her agility in the dance was marvelous. After it was finished, the audience fully demonstrated the meaning of the newspaper phrase, "deafening applause."

A song by Miss Day and Miss Martin came next, and last on the program was "The Loan of a Lyre," a highly diverting farce, the cast of which showed much good judgment on the part of the stage manager.

Miss Follansbee made a surprisingly good lyric poet. As "Meliboeus Barcarole" not only her make-up was good, but her gestures gave an excellent idea of the nervous, poetic temperament. The much tried wife of the poet was rendered by Miss Strong, whose agitations and tempers were portrayed in a very lifelike manner.

Miss Kidder was an altogether charming and graceful "Lillie Lawton." Her admirer, "Milton Barcarole," a somewhat unscrupulous youth, was very well done by Miss Martha White, whom the audience found almost as attractive as did "Miss Lillie." Miss Winslow, who took the part of "I. Selling Cottonbayles," electrified the audience with her deep, manly tones, and showed most convincingly the magnanimity that can be shown by a guardian who has been outwitted, and a suitor who has been cruelly disappointed. The scenery of the play must also be commended; the furnishings of "Eclogue Cottage" were in excellent taste, while through the window could be discerned that clear, blue sky peculiar to June.

Not only was 'or charmed with the performances on the stage, but they were delighted with the songs from the gallery. Altogether the Junior Class feel like saying as the children do, that "they never had so good a time in their lives."

M. D. M., 'OI, in the Fortnightly Philistine.



May-Day Fete

May 1, 1900.

To the Maypole let us on,
The time is swift and will be gone!
There go lasses to the green,
Where their beauties may be seen.
All fair lasses have lads to attend 'em,
Jolly brave dancers, who can amend 'em?
To the Maypole let us on,
The time is swift and will be gone!

Come together, come, sweet lass,
Let us trip it on the grass!
Courting, piping on the green,
The bravest lads are seen.
There all day on the first of May,
Lads and lasses dance and play.
Come together, come, sweet lass,
Let us trip it on the grass!





The May-Day Fete

THROUGH Pembroke Arch, beneath gay banners, came the Heralds, resplendent as to trumpets and costumes. Thousands of spectators watched the merry procession that followed the Heralds. Each Elizabethan detail, from the woolly lambs to Jack o' the Green, was complete. Queen Elizabeth sat aloft and her maids in waiting showered rose-leaves upon the moving pageant beneath. The welcome sun, for whose presence we had been apprehensive, blinked at the sight.

"Bless me," he thought, "am I dreaming, or has the world rolled back three hundred years? These merry Maypole dancers are as light of foot, Maid Marian is as fair, Robin Hood as comely, the donkeys as stubborn, as they were then. I'm glad I came out to-day."

So thought the privileged crowd who surrounded the green, who hastened down the Maple Avenue, who strolled across the campus to where the picturesque garb of Autolycus led them. Near Denbigh might be heard the applause due to the "Ladie of the Maie."

But how can I tell of all the sights and sounds of the most perfect production in the history of Bryn Mawr? To those of us whom kind Fate transported here it will be forever a pleasant memory. Whether it would be possible to repeat it is a problem for other classes to decide. Faithful work, conscientious rehearsals, unselfish co-operation, have been freely given by everyone concerned. To the executive and decorating committees much honor is due; no less honor to their more humble but equally zealous assistants.

L. P., '99, in the Fortnightly Philistine.



Impressive Press Impressions*

FROM mid-day until near dinner-time all roads led to Bryn Mawr, and they were crowded with the crème de la crème of Quaker-dom. There has never been a more unanimous outpouring of high society in this section. At three, by the sun, the crowd had assembled in nervous expectancy on the college green.

"Why don't they come, mamma?" queried the small boy, between each stroke of the clock. "Oh, why don't they come?" "They have gone back to see if their hats are on straight, my boy. Four hundred of them, and perhaps only a single looking-glass!" A light breeze of laughter shook the assemblage as a wind shakes the leaves of the poplar tree. People took it up and repeated it to each other, no matter if they had never met before. We are all equal when the grass is over us; why not when it is trampled under foot, and sending off wafts of drying fragrance on the sweet air of May?

For an afternoon the idyllic golden time of long, long ago was lived, danced, and caroled on the campus. The students of Bryn Mawr achieved the splendidly unique. The general effect was that of having slipped joyfully into dreamland, where femininity ruled, and the tyrant man could gain no footing. The result was worse than a three-ring circus.

Slowly the cavalcade came up the drive—a masque of dead heroes of fact and fiction—the costumes more faithful to tradition than becoming to the wearers. The lumbering oxen that drew the Maypole, stout and straight and white, cut and decorated that morning by the band of revelers, added just the finishing touch of picturesqueness as they stared in mild-eyed amazement at the crowd, and every now and then cast a cross-eyed glance upward at the wreaths on their horns, to see if they were on straight.

Looking as natural as possible for girls, the chimney-sweeps came next. (Just imagine Bryn Mawr girls as chimney-sweeps!) Then came a dame in plush robe, under which dainty feet peeped, much bejeweled and stately, who carried an air of court about. Bess's dress was a dream,—adorably simple, but the effect was tremendous. She flung tinseled paper and showered kisses on the marchers.

"Oh, that must be a shepherdess," guesses society. "See, the cute and coy and bleating little lamb! How interesting!"

The May dance was the prettiest sight of the day. The Maypole was seized by the Freshmen, who are regarded by the upperclassmen with as much attention as the chorus of a comic opera. Each dancer, taking a streamer, wound in and out, footing it flatly the while, weaving the bright-hued ribbons around the pole in a living loom.

The morris dancers proved a very entertaining bit of foolery, especially the antics of the hobbyhorse, who kneeled on the green with marvelous ease and grace.

The arraignment of Paris, it is safe to say, was in all points better presented than England's virgin queen ever saw it played.

The fair Perdita, with rose-crowned hair, would have softened any number of hearts, warranted hard, had they been in the audience, but they were not.

The graduates fairly shivered with delight. The well-earned plaudits rang through the light short vistas late into the waning afternoon.

Supper was served in a hedged-in pleasaunce, a supper of quaintly-named, quaintly-spelled dishes, which yet proved old friends, as toothsome as when fashioned forth less gaily.

The students, tired, bright-eyed, hospitable, saw the last regretful guest to the gate at the end of the fragrant campus, when the May dusk had settled lightly down. The fund for the students had prospered in the day. The May-Day revels had surprised, delighted and amused a mighty audience. What more did the students, whose guardian angels are youth and health, need to guide them happily from the dreams of the day to the dreams of the night?

Society liked it.

From the Fortnightly Philistine.

^{*}Philadelphia dailies of May 2





O inhospitably closed doors greeted the eager spectators who thronged to the Pembroke dining-room Friday night to see how 1903 should conduct herself at her first class supper. Not that there was any doubt as to the result, for everyone felt sure that the same happy spirit which characterizes all of 1903's entertainments would rule as well over this important event of her college year. And the assurance was perfectly justified, for from the forming of the procession the Freshman supper was in every respect completely successful.

The dining-room was simply but effectively decorated with the class colors, the green and white appearing in the dogwood on the walls and the smilax and white roses on the tables. To accommodate so large a class with a view to their all hearing the toasts must have been rather a difficult matter, but the cross in which the tables were arranged, with the speakers at the ends, seemed to solve the problem, for almost all the responses could be plainly heard.

In choosing Miss Montague as the toastmistress of the evening, the class made a particularly fortunate selection.

Miss Green, who delivered the first toast, was very original in her remarks on the Freshman Class. Miss Dabney gave a very amusing response on "Marriage" and the probable "Seventeen," and "The Stage" was treated humorously by Miss Allen, whose toast was perhaps the best of the evening. "Gym. Kate" and "May Day" were not forgotten, and the toast on the ever-important "Athletics," responded to by Miss Whitney, was greeted with deserved enthusiasm. Miss Kidder, Miss Sherwin, Miss Norton, Miss Morton, Miss Cheney and Miss Boucher made the other responses. More characteristic than anything else was the spirit in which the Freshmen entered into the enjoyment of the evening.

The last toast of the evening was of course that of "The Class," and Miss Phillips, choosing rather the serious side of college life, tried to impress upon the class the responsibilities that rest upon it and the duty each member owes to her class and her Alma Mater. Then in the same spirit of loyalty which their president's speech had roused, the class arose, and crossing hands, walked slowly around the dining-room to end the one memorable occasion with "Auld Lang Syne" and the college hymn.

From the Fortnightly Philistine.

B. M. C. Puzzles

(With apologies to L. C.)

"If measles spread o'er every head
And each defenceless foe,
Where do you think," the Senior said,
"The poor things ought to go?"
"Now, really," said the Graduate,
"I'm sure I don't quite know."

M. C. G., '03, in the Fortnightly Philistine.







Sophomore Vear



Class Officers

President—RUTH BOWMAN WHITNEY.

Vice-President and Treasurer—GERTRUDE ELIZABETH DIETRICH.

Secretary—MYRA KENNEDY SMARTT.

Offices Held During the Year by Members of the Class of 1903.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.

Advisory Board—Edith Dabney,
Gertrude Elizabeth Dietrich,
Ruth Bowman Whitney.

Undergraduate Association.

Assistant Treasurer—Edith Dabney.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

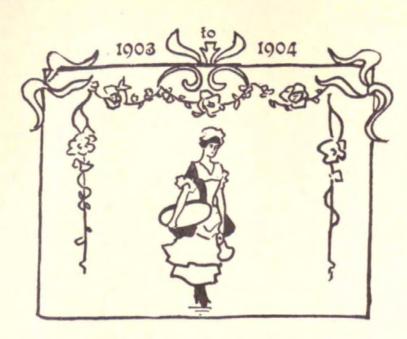
Secretary—Agnes Sinclair.

FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE.

Editors—Anne Maynard Kidder, Marjorie Cheney, Mary Montague.

DE REBUS CLUB.
Ruth Bowman Whitney.





The Rivals

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Bryn Mawr College, Friday, October the 26th, 1900

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.—Lydia's Dressing Room

"2.—Captain Absolute's Lodgings
"3.—North Parade. Bath

ACT TWO

SCENE 1.-North Parade

" 2.—Mrs, Malaprop's Lodgings
" 3.— Acres' Lodgings

ACT THREE

SCENE 1.—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings
"2.—North Parade

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1.—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings
"2.—King's Mead Fields

Characters

| Sir Anthony Absolute . | | | | | Philena C. Winslow |
|------------------------|------|------|------|--|----------------------|
| Captain Jack Absolute. | | | | | Martha R. White |
| Faulkland | | | | | Virginia T. Stoddard |
| Bob Acres | | | | | Mary Montague |
| Sir Lucius O'Trigger . | | | | | Sophie Boucher |
| Fag | | | | | |
| David | | | | | Ruth Strong |
| Mrs. Malaprop | | | | | |
| Lydia Languish | | | | | Anne M. Kidder |
| Lucia | | | | | |
| Lucy | | | | | . Helen J. Raymond |

Stage Manager—Marjory Cheney
Scene Painter—Sally Porter Law

The Sophomore Play

THE event of the season—the Sophomore play—passed off with unusual éclat on Friday evening, October 26. From time immemorial each succeeding Sophomore play has been classified as the "very best thing that ever graced the Bryn Mawr boards," until this has come to be quite the proper laudatory phrase in the case of Sophomore plays. But I think we all feel that this praise has never been more justly deserved than by 1903 and their charming production of "The Rivals."

The audience was delightedly enthusiastic from beginning to end. There was nothing they would not have said in their zeal to outdo one another in singing pretty speeches to the tune of "Here's to 1903." The people on the floor, to be sure, wished their necks were longer, but in the delights of the moment quite forgot that the chairs might have been more comfortable. The people upstairs who had no chairs to worry them forgot to brood over the possible loss of beauty and front teeth consequent on a collapse of the gallery. Everyone was happy. But happiest of all, perhaps, were the Freshmen as they mentally condoled with Lydia Languish over the unromantic ending of her love affair. "Poor thing! How sad to have to get married in the usual prosy way, without a soul to object to the match; and she so sweet-looking, too." They all loved Mrs. Malaprop, and roared with superior knowledge (they had recently taken entrance English), as she made mincemeat of the English language. "It could easily be seen that there was no Bryn Mawr College in her days, and the finishing schools of the time were so inefficient."

Bob Acres brought forth peals of laughter from everyone. He was truly finished in his bumpkinisms, his clumsy, awkward clothes, and his struggle between his feelings as a gentleman of honor and his desire to "live to fight another day." Of course Bob was no coward. He merely felt a certain amount of pity for the young and inexperienced Ensign Beverly, for you know Bob was an awfully ferocious creature. He always killed a man a day and kept a private cemetery for the victims of his sword. It was rather a disappointment when Bob Acres did not get married in the end, for he had good points, and we hoped all along that a maiden aunt or something might turn up and take him. Sir Anthony Absolute was very popular, too. He was really a very nice sort of old gentleman most of the time. But when he flew into a passion and pounded his cane up and down on the stage it was terrible. How could he be so hard-hearted and cruel as to disinherit his handsome son in that beautiful red coat?" the Freshmen whispered to each other as they vainly sought a suitable rhyme for Winslow.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger's brogue and swagger gave the finishing touches to an admirably rendered rôle, while Faulkland (poor fellow, his bride was cut out!), Fag, David and Lucy each contributed towards making the evening one of the most delightful of the college year.

The surprise of the evening was the scenery. It was unusually elaborate and ingenious, especially North Parade and King's Mead Fields. There were long rings of applause when North Parade rolled itself out from behind an innocent-looking piece of light-blue cheesecloth. But when King's Mead Fields, instead of being the conventional Bryn Mawr stage exterior of green denim, a palm or two and a withered branch of a tree, was a real true forest which conveniently rippled apart at one corner to allow for the exits and entrances, the applause was deafening.

Thus with its merry actors and its dainty scenery the evening was one succession of joy and pleasure; and when it was all over, and we drew ourselves reluctantly away from the Gymnasium, every tongue was busy saying nice things about 1903.

From the Fortnightly Philistine.





Lantern Presentation

1903 to 1904

Παλλάς 'Αθήνη, Θεὰ Μαθήματος καὶ σθένους. Σὲ πάρ' ἡμεῖς ἴμεν 'Ιρεύσουσαί σοι δεινῆ 'Ακουε! ' Ακουε!

Μακάριζε, ἀιτοῦμεν. Ἡμῖν σοφίαν δίδου, Ἡμῖν συνγίγνου ἀεί, Μάκαρ θεὰ ἄκουε, Ἄκουε! Ἄκουε!

'Ιέριζε νῦν τοὺς λύχνους 'Αὲι φανῶς φάοιεν Λαμπρύνοντες τὴν ὁδόν Μελὰν φανὸν ποιοῦντες "Ακουε! "Ακουε!

M: V. A., '93, and B. H. P., '93.



A Monologue

Scene: Interior of a cupboard.

Chaunticleer (solus).—Whew! how tired I am! Another such spree will turn my feathers white; but never mind, my boy. As the poet so aptly puts it:

"It ain't much fun just now, by Jove, But think of times to come!"

I am on the high road to fame, along with Juno's geese, who saved the capitol, and Hennypenny, who thought the sky was falling. It isn't everyone's luck to make a stir in the world. Ha! ha! it was rather alarming, but how envious the boys will be when I tell them how much attention I attracted! I was the centre of all eyes. To be sure, the people in the hall laughed rudely when they saw me, but those dear girls in that crowded room! They sprang to their feet to receive me, uttering the most curious noises, meant for welcome I suppose. I had a streak of bashfulness, and retreated under a bed, but the dear creatures lured me out again. Those girls are destined to succeed in sport, for one of them instantly began to practice basket-ball with me through the transom. I love to be useful. When she had made a goal from the field I was borne back here followed by an enthusiastic escort. The glory of it will certainly turn me into a coxcomb.

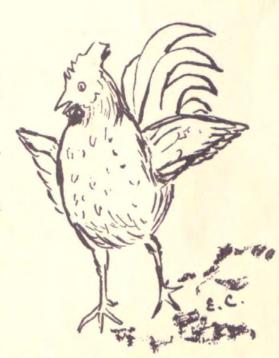
"All this, I surmise, May occasion surprise."

But, O dear! how it tires one's legs. I feel like a bird—on toast. It has been glorious. Pertelote will scold me when I get home for having been out all night, but when I tell her how popular I have been she will die of envy. I shall be the cock of the walk. I shall be "the only blackbird in the dish."

I have heard people say that the Yankee-dude-'ll-do, but just wait till I get home and I'll show that the cock-a-doodle-do. Hurrah! Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o.

(At this point Chaunticleer becomes so noisy that the door of his house is suddenly opened and he is thrown out of the window.)

M. R. W., '03, in the Fortnightly Philistine.



The Election Parade

November 6, 1900.

AS it a spirit of prophecy which put the idea of an election parade into some minds last week? Will the time soon come when election day will mean to us what it means to our fathers and brothers? When this time does come, the election parades will not probably be any more interesting or amusing than was the one of last Tuesday night.

Each class was headed by a band, playing on cymbals (chafing-dish covers), fifes (combs), drums (cracker boxes and dish-pans), and horns (the genuine article). The ranks marched four abreast, and made a very imposing appearance, as most of the students turned out to march. 1904 led the procession, on account of their ability to make noise, then 1903 and 1902. 1901, the guard of honor, protected the rear. The marshals, with wide yellow sashes, ran frantically about, trying to form the line behind Merion. McKinley and Roosevelt, Uncle Sam and Columbia, and five transparencies were important features of the parade, but the lifelike figure of "Billy B." was the "cynosure of all eyes," as the campaign accounts put it.

After marching down to Pembroke Arch, then past the Greenery, the procession followed the road behind Radnor and the Gym, and formed an eager circle about one of the basket-ball goal-posts where Bryan was gracefully swinging by the back of his neck. Much to our sorrow, we learned that he could not be burned, as his coat was borrowed.

Mark Hanna kindly loosened the string by which he held McKinley and Roosevelt, and permitted them to speak from the Bryn Mawr rostrum, a wheelbarrow. Their speeches ably expressed the sentiment of the community, which cheered them to the echo. Mr. Hanna declined the honor of addressing the audience, saying that as he had told both McKinley and Roosevelt what to say, he could think of nothing else. After cheering Brigadier-General Jones for his able management of the Bryn Mawr campaign, the assembly departed to rest (?). From which rest some were rudely awakened about two a. m., by bands of creatures who seemed but yells incarnate. These announced the election of McKinley and Roosevelt, much to the satisfaction of all. The emotion aroused cannot be called by any more violent name, as the result was a foregone conclusion.

Editor's Note.—During one of the speeches a slight disturbance was caused by some Bryanites, but the interruption was not considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the body of the report.

H. A. H., '04, in the Fortnightly Philistine.

Barnard vs. Bryn Mawr

November 17, 1900

COLLEGE CHEER.

ἀνάσσα κατακαλω καλη ἴα ἴα ἴα νικη! Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr!

COLLEGE SONG.

Come, cheer for the college
Where our joyous days are passed,
Good comrades that we are;
Of our work and our singing
Some echoes still shall last
To the glory of Bryn Mawr.

CHORUS.

To the glory of Bryn Mawr we sing,
To the glory of Bryn Mawr;
Then cheer once again for the yellow and the white
And the glory of Bryn Mawr.

O the years shall pass away
And we'll all come back again,
Come back from near and far
And shoulder to shoulder
Will shout the glad refrain
To the glory of Bryn Mawr.—Cho.



Eleanor Harriman McCormick, 1904, Back
Substitute for Florence Trotter Wattson, 1903

Jane Heartt Cragin, 1902, Back Substitute for Clarissa I. Crane, 1902

Madge Daniels Miller, 1901, Captain, Centre

Elizabeth Wales Emmons, 1901, Forward

Fanny Soutter Sinclair, 1901, Forward

Barnard vs. Bryn Mawr

November 17, 1900

WING to the rain on Saturday morning, the Bryn Mawr-Barnard game was played in the Gymnasium instead of on the athletic field. This dismayed the Bryn Mawr cohorts at first, as the team was unaccustomed to indoor games. Everyone soon found, however, that there was no cause for uneasiness, as splendid team-play had been worked up in the short time given since the 1900 game.

At 11.18 the game opened. At 11.20 Emmons threw the first goal, and at 11.21 the second. The rest of the game was in proportion. Barnard fought well and used some fine team-work, but was unable to compete with her opponents. To the delight of everyone, Miller, who was playing centre, also scored for the 'Varsity. Sinclair made goals with her customary ease and fluency. At the end of the first half the score stood 12-0.

In the second half, Barnard fought even harder, and neither side, in the excitement, used quite as much team-work as in the first half. Emmons threw goal after goal, and she and Sinclair drew the score up to 22-0.

Barnard deserves much credit for the plucky fight she made. A team is always at a disadvantage playing on strange ground and in a somewhat unsympathetic atmosphere. Our team had the hearty good-will of their college mates to urge them on, while Barnard lacked this encouragement. We admire them for the spirit they have shown in coming down to play Bryn Mawr.

Barnard: Forwards, Kimball, Budd; centre, Ware; backs, Allsberg, Moën.

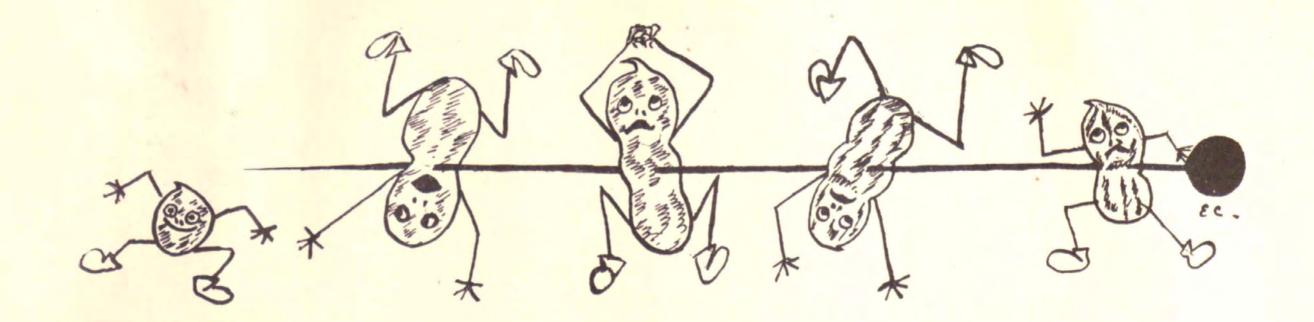
Bryn Mawr: Backs, Cragin, McCormick; centre, Miller; forwards, Sinclair, Emmons.

Score-First half: Sinclair, 2 goals; Emmons, 3 goals; Miller, 1 goal; 12-0.

Second half: Sinclair, 1 goal; Emmons, 4 goals; 10-0.

Total, 22-0.

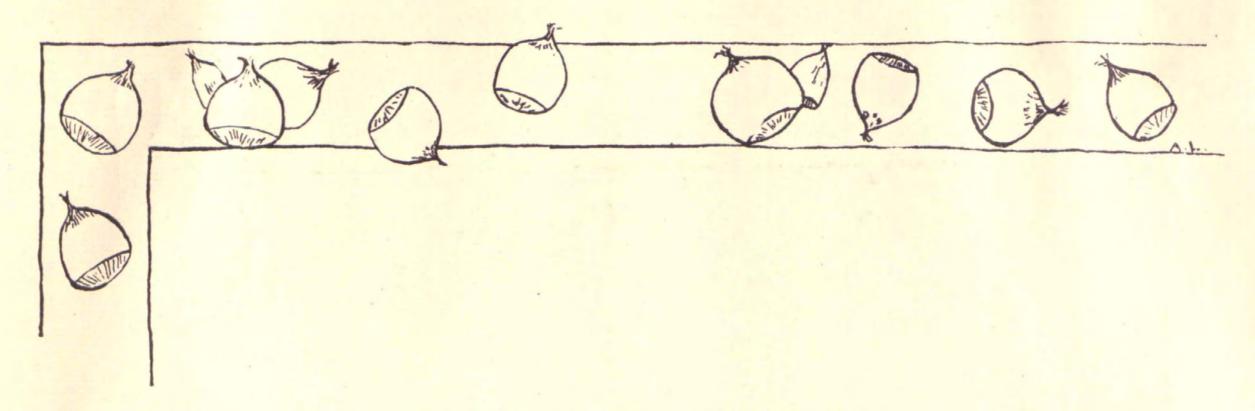
From the Fortnightly Philistine.



Class Parties

"The business of the meeting, the discussion of class entertainments for promoting sociability, was opened by the president, and it was moved, seconded and carried that we have these entertainments once in every three weeks."

From the Class Minutes, February 20, 1901.



The College Settlement Benefit

N Saturday, December 8, "The Loan of a Lyre" was presented in the Gymnasium for the benefit of the College Settlement Association. The play was as amusing and successful as last year, when 1903 gave it for the entertainment of 1901. Owing to the illness of Miss Winslow, her part was taken by Miss Virginia Chauvenet, who did herself great credit.



Dr. Scott's Fire

March 27, 1901.

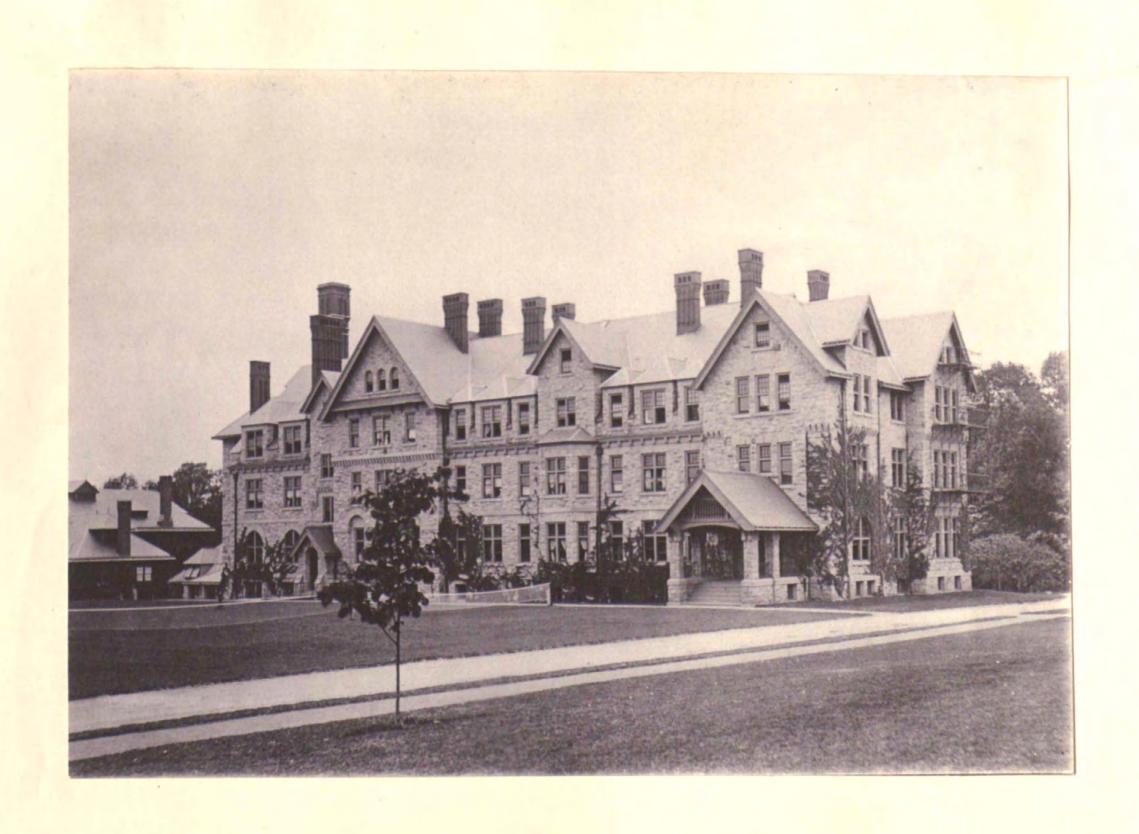
Gleanings from the Press

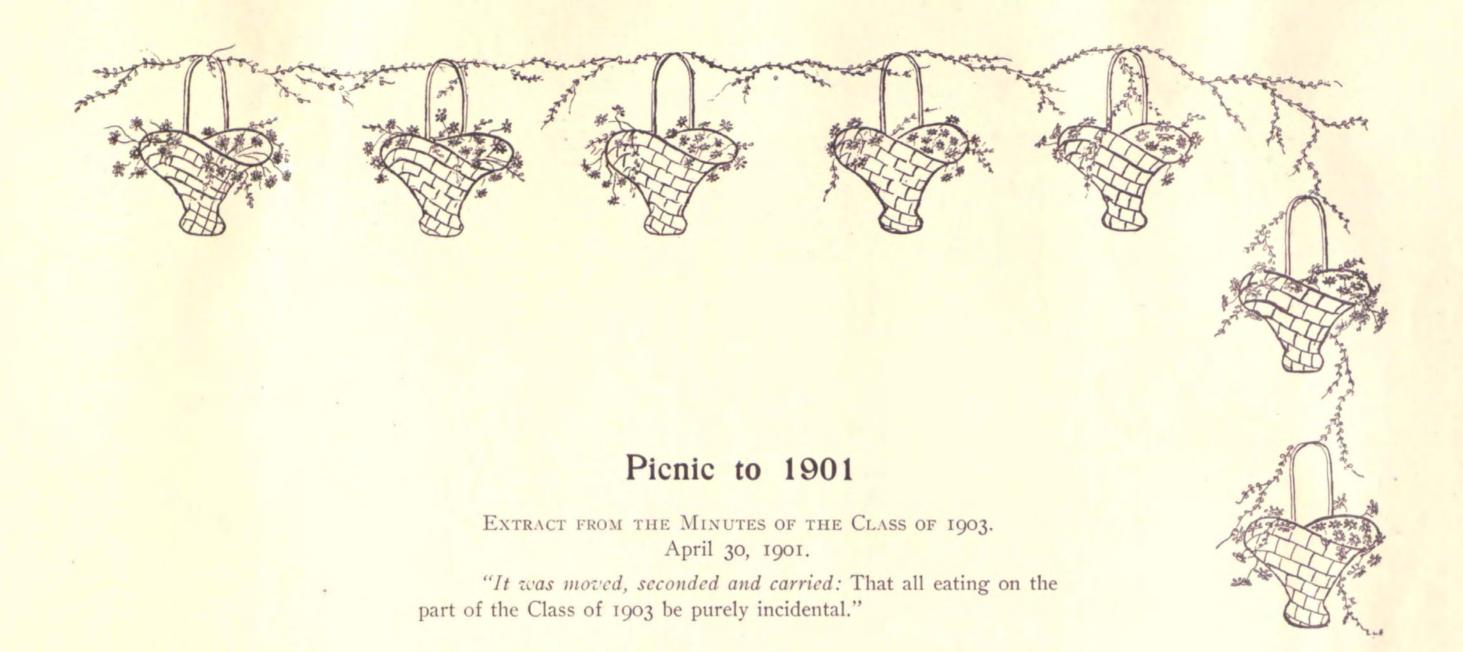
LITTLE later than half-past twelve on the morning of the twenty-seventh, a whistle blown with startling significance turned all of Bryn Mawr's gentle womanhood out into the air with a single-minded purpose." . . . "The long, low dormitories with their Gothic walls, in sleepy repose against the sky, made a picture as peaceful as a village church. In an instant all was changed. The chief of the Bryn Mawr College fire brigade, trumpet in hand, cried, 'Hurry, girls! or we may be too late!' Then the army of fluttering skirts sped at flying pace in a wild scamper across the wind-swept fields, laid bare by the frosty clasp of winter, to a little frame cottage nearly half a mile from the main buildings." . . . "The campus was made a kaleidoscope by small groups of rosy-cheeked maidens, who played tag with the long lines of hose." . . . "Like fleet gazelles the fair fire-fighters, clad in dainty costumes, dashed into the house just in time to save the professor and his family, calmly eating luncheon. 'Your house is on fire!' shouted the captain. The professor looked more puzzled than alarmed, but was dragged out and shown the flames coming from the upper windows. Then he was convinced." . . . "The rank and file of Bryn Mawr's fire-lassies, some of them with millionaires for papas, engaged in the work with vim. Some of them formed lines of rescue, others froze their dainty fingers on the cold nozzles, others tackled the duties assigned them with the same grace with which they danced around the Maypole last spring. Cooler than cucumbers, the fire-women rushed valiantly into the burning house and threw trunks in every direction."

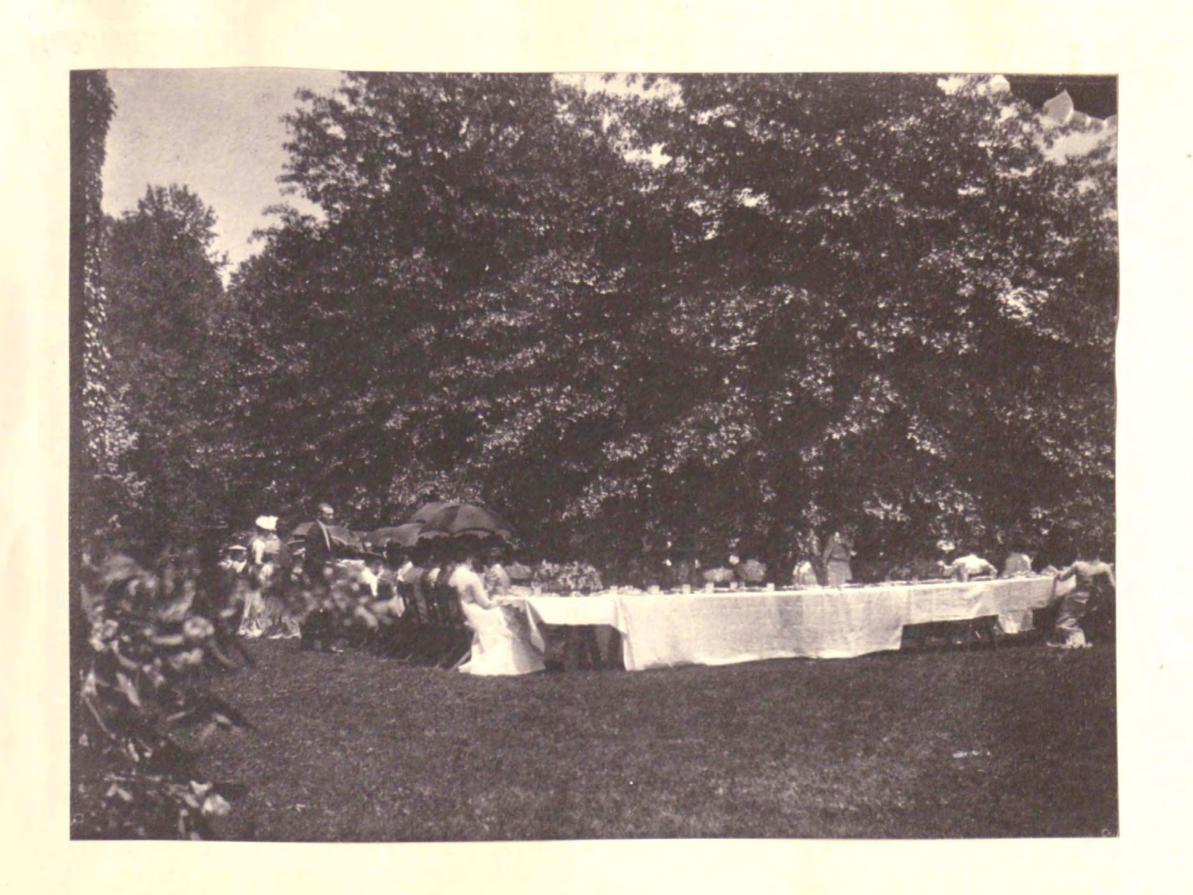
"The work of fighting the flames was fast, and although the fire had eaten through to the roof, where tongues of flame darted through the black cloud, the courageous little women, blistering their pink fingers, succeeded in subduing their stubborn enemy. Wet but glorious, the brigade, composed of all the students on the four years' rolls, received with demure modesty the congratulations which the residents of the fashionable suburb showered upon them, for having proved themselves brave and heroic in time of danger."

. . . "Then strolling across the wide lawn as nonchalantly as if they had been to a dance, they returned to the dormitories to change their shoes and to do up their hair."

M. M., '03, in the Fortnightly Philistine.









Commencement

June 6, 1901

Marshals:

Ruth Bowman Whitney-Head Marshal.

Agnes Maitland Sinclair,
Hetty Goldman,
Helen Ireson Brayton,
Anne Isabel Sherwin,
Martha Root White,
Eunice Dana Follansbee,
Myra Kennedy Smartt,
Edith Dabney,
Philena Winslow,
Ethel Hulburd,
Grace Lynde Meigs,
Anne Maynard Kidder.





Junior Dear



Class Officers

President—GERTRUDE ELIZABETH DIETRICH.

Vice-President and Treasurer—PHILENA WINSLOW.

Secretary—ELEANOR WALLACE.

Offices Held During the Year by Members of the Class of 1903

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.

Executive Board—Edith Dabney,

Ethel Hulburd.

Advisory Board-Ida Langdon,

Gertrude E. Dietrich.

Secretary-Evelyn F. Morris.

Treasurer—Agnes M. Sinclair.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President-Martha Root White.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Vice-President-Evelyn F. Morris.

Treasurer—Agnes M. Sinclair.

THE LANTERN.

Anne Maynard Kidder.

DE REBUS CLUB.

Martha Root White.

MUSIC COMMITTEE,

Martha Root White.

FORTNIGHTLY DEBATING CLUB.

President—Edith Dabney.

Secretary-Ida Langdon.

FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE.

Editor-in-Chief-Anne Maynard Kidder.

Managing Editor-Martha Root White.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Secretary—Helen Jackson Raymond.

Outdoor Manager—Linda Bartels Lange.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

Secretary-Agatha Laughlin.

Chairman of Committee on Saturday Morning Games-Philena Winslow.

Chairman of Committee of Speakers-Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

1903 Becomes Ambitious and Blooms as an Upper Class

THE PHILISTINE congratulates 1904 on one of the most successful Lantern presentations that has ever been held at Bryn Mawr, and suggests that they extend a vote of thanks to 1903 for so ably assisting them in their plans. It is delightful to see even after two years in college such refreshing verdure, such effervescing vim, such exuberant youthfulness combined with such marvelous intuition, and such remarkable foresight in anticipating the every wish of others. Thanks to 1903, the possibility of any awkward pause in proceedings on Tuesday night was completely removed. THE PHIL-ISTINE also suggests that appropriate tokens of gratitude are in order from the Seniors, 1903 having most thoughtfully formed a new precedent in order that 1902 might be saved the trouble of taking the part in this Lantern festivity which has heretofore been theirs by custom. THE PHILISTINE feels that we should all of us be most grateful to 1903, except perhaps the Freshmen, who did after all get their Lanterns from 1904.

The Pan-American Exposition

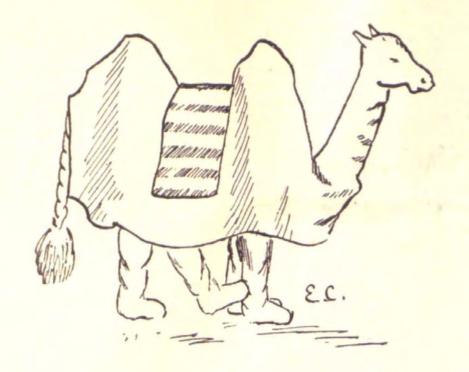
HOSE of us who remember the Midway Plaisance at Buffalo or the World's Fair were strongly reminded of it last Friday night on entering the Gymnasium, when we found ourselves at the Pan-American Exposition and on the Midway itself. Perhaps the Chinese theatre resembled its original most closely—the charming Chinese lady spinning about on her toes, while her many admirers apparently tried to chop off her head, seemed quite as inexplicable and delightfully mysterious as could have any bona fide Chinese play. The naïve lady to my right, who, upon being shown the sign "Cook's Guides," looked eagerly at the white-capped girls bustling about below and remarked, "But they are not cooking anything," called my attention from the allurements of the Chinese theatre to the more dashing charms of the Gymnasium proper. Here was a scene of motion and color. Groups of girls hurried breathlessly after guides who displayed with tact and volubility the beauties of the menagerie, the incubators, the African village and the Chamber of Horrors.

Stripe-shirted porters hurriedly wheeled passengers among the crowd, having hairbreadth escapes on every possible occasion. Cook's guides chased madly after stray members of the African village, belaboring them with their wooden spoons, while the Freshmen were alternately diverted and terrified by the startling rushes of the wild animals. And above all the animals roared, the Indians whooped and everybody talked and laughed and screamed and shouted. But undoubtedly the centre of attraction was the camel—was ever such a camel seen by land or sea? It would take Kipling to describe him and Rosa Bonheur to paint him. Not one—but two humps! There was no mistaking him—a real live humping camel—and the matter scarcely needed to be clinched by the fact that he would actually take people to ride.

After the agitation of these surprises the Freshmen were escorted in small parties to Alt Nürnberg and there regaled on ice cream and cake to the tune of "The Watch on the Rhine"—thereby being sufficiently soothed for what was still to come.

Shortly after nine o'clock the curtain rose upon the tableau which was the real event of the evening. There was an appreciative hush as the curtain went up and displayed the living representation of the Pan-American poster. The green shimmering water, the graceful pose and simple, quiet lines came out strongly in the reflected light. Miss Dietrich is to be congratulated on her successful imitation of the original. One could only regret that the glimpse was so short. When the curtain rose again, this time displaying in addition a large red flag with the numerals 1905, the cheering began in earnest. Miss Le Fevre accepted the flag in the name of her class, saying that she hoped the Class of 1905 would follow the example which "1901 had left them and which 1903 had set them." After the presentation of the flag, the evening closed with the usual singing and cheering—1905 showing plainly their appreciation of the bright entertainment and the good feeling already existing between them and their hospitable Juniors, the Class of 1903.

M. C. B., '02, in the Fortnightly Philistine.



Pan-American Midway

1903 to 1905

October 18, 1901.

Tune: "Strike up the Band."

This show to-night
Is for the Freshmen;
With all our might
We hope it has pleased them.
Side-shows, midways,
Dances and plays,
For what we do is all for you,
Oh, Freshmen!

Strike up the band,
Here come the Freshmen;
Cheer them along,
Good-luck go with them.
Hear how we tell
We love you well,
Nineteen-five we hope will thrive
Forever!







Boyd vs. McManus

N the evening of March 13 a large and enthusiastic body of spectators appeared in the chapel to witness the trial of the case enjoined between Lydia Paxton Boyd, plaintiff, and Caroline Esther McManus, defendant.

The first sensation of the evening was caused by the appearance of the reporters in their gallery, to the left of the judges' seats. These, wonderfully garbed and labeled in large letters, represented *Town Topics*, the *North American*, the New York *Evening Post*, and last but by no means least, our cherished Fortnightly Phillistine.

At the entrance of the judges the audience rose respectfully—that is, as much of the audience as had been present at rehearsals and knew it ought to rise—and the proclamation was impressively made by the clerk, Miss Douglas, in a rich Irish brogue. Proceedings had been going on but a few minutes, when the clerk in stentorian tones announced that "all hats should be removed in the audience!"

Then, fixing her glassy eye on the corner where a derby ornamented an unmistakably feminine head, he motioned to the sheriff, who by means of his baton quickly removed the objectionable article of wearing apparel. Assistant Justice Congdon then proceeded with his interrupted task of swearing in the jury. This done, Miss Rotan, the counsel for the plaintiff, rose to make her opening speech. This she did with such fire and eloquence that the jury was quite carried off its feet. The cross-examination of witnesses followed. Miss Lydia Paxton Boyd, the plaintiff, in the course of her evidence took occasion to quote the following poem, attributed to Wordsworth, which we here repeat, since it may not be as familiar to our readers as it deserves to be:

Oh, frisky, frisky 'bus-horse
That frisketh o'er the lea,
I prithee, frisky 'bus-horse,
Come frisk a while with me!

Towards the close of her statement of the facts in the case, a sensation was caused by the entrance of the Dog, the horror of whose ferocious plastic countenance was somewhat offset by the size of the chains whereby he was fastened. The plaintiff identified this Dog as the Dog in question.

The evidence given by Mr. Willie Trotter Wattson, Dr. Cornelius Quackus Campbell, the plaintiff's attendant physician; Mr. Mogard, the constable of Denbigh, and Mrs. O'Flaharity, the defendant's washerwoman, all seemed to point towards the guilt of the defendant in maintaining a public nuisance on her premises.

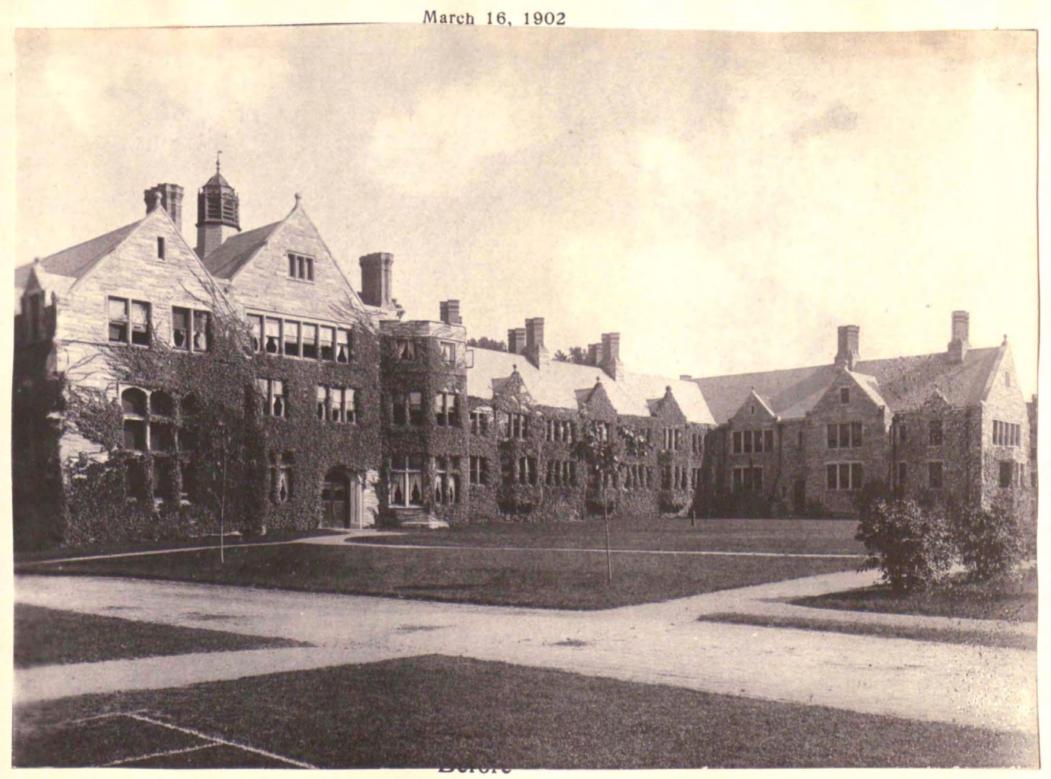
Miss Meigs, the lawyer for the defendant, then arose, and in a few calm, collected words spoke ably in her client's behalf. Mrs. McManus was then called to the witness-stand. A deadlock ensued, because the defendant, defining herself as a lady, refused to swear. Her scruples were finally overcome, however, the oath was administered, and she proceeded to give her evidence. The three following witnesses testified to the truth of her statement that the plaintiff had tried to steal her Dog Rip—Preserved Brayton, Fairy Montague and Mrs. Johnson, the Denbigh colored cook. Miss Dorothy Dudley would undoubtedly have done the same, but owing to the fact that she was a Freshman, Miss Rotan objected to her being sworn, on the ground that she was too young to know the nature of an oath, and the objection was sustained by Chief Justice Ashley.

A summary of the evidence in favor of each client was then given by each counsel. Miss Meigs, overcome by her own eloquence, broke down at one point, but manfully regained her self-control and proceeded. Just before the jury adjourned, the Dog, apparently in an uncontrollable passion at the way things were going, took occasion to fall on his head and break. This fact, added to the eloquence of the lawyers and the wonderful evidence of the witnesses, apparently upset the jury, for in bringing in the verdict they absent-mindedly forgot the case in question and decided for the New Library Building, a fine of \$230,000 to be paid by Mr. John D. Rockefeller and the cost of the action to be paid by the trustees of the college.

The one regrettable incident of the evening was the discovery we made and feel obliged to set forth that the jury had been bribed by the plaintiff. We are given to understand on good authority that the jury now claims its reward and the plaintiff refuses to pay. Forsooth, here is a fit subject for another trial!

C. D. L., '03, in the Fortnightly Philistine.

Denbigh Fire



Denbigh Fire

March 16, 1902

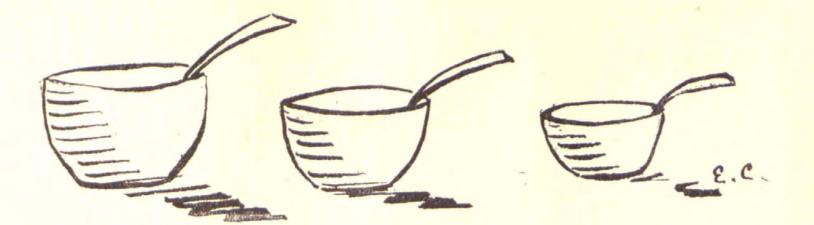


After

Junior-Senior Supper

May 10, 1902

| PROLOGUE Puck | THE TRAGEDY OF THE LITTLE MERMAID Act I. Home of the Seawitch under the Sea Act II. The Court of the King of Sorrento Act III. On board the Silver Sail |
|---|---|
| Cobweb M. Stewart Moth S. Tyler Mustard-Seed E. Larrabee Pease Blossom M. Montague | King of Sorrento P. Winslow Prince of Waldemar V. Stoddard Lord High Chamberlain E. L. Fleisher Queen of Sorrento E. Hulburd Princess Leonore E. W. Wallace |
| THE TALE OF THE THREE BEARS AND LITTLE GOLDYLOCKS Goldylocks | Little Mermaid |
| THE TALE OF SNOW-WHITE AND THE DWARFS | E. Bryan E. Bacon A. Sherwin C. Garrett |
| A Henrickson A. Laughlin M. Taylor R. James A. Lovell C. Wagner E. Neergaard Step-mother | E. L. Burrell F. T. Wattson MERMAIDS D. Day H. L. Peck L. Atherton A. B. Austin |



1903 to 1902

Here's to the Seniors, we give them a cheer,
Vive la 1902!
Happy the years that we've spent with you here,
Vive la 1902!
Here's to the blue, loyal and true,
And all that you stand for here;
We'll ne'er forget you, good old 1902,
We sing to you loud and clear.
Here's to the Seniors, we give them a cheer,
Vive la 1902!
Rowing we speed you with never a fear,
Vive la 1902!



How the Great Fund was Raised

President Thomas Describes the Enthusiasm Which Took Hold of the Alumnae After the Announcement of Mr. Rockefeller's Gift.

PRESIDENT M. CAREY THOMAS, of Bryn Mawr College, in announcing the completion of the Rockefeller fund at the Commencement yesterday, said in part:

"The trustees, faculty and students of Bryn Mawr College recognized clearly three years ago that the college could not continue to give five hundred and more students what we were proud to think was the best intellectual and moral discipline in academic buildings planned for one hundred students. And it was then that we began to dream of a new library and lecture building, of new halls of residence, and an up-to-date central heating and electric-light plant.

"After the urgent plea for these new buildings made on Commencement Day last year, I had faith enough to spend the summer in England studying the buildings of Oxford and Cambridge and pondering whether it would be possible to make our new buildings, if they should be given to us, even more beautiful than our present ones. So great has been the success of our architects in the past that I was told yesterday by some one who had never been abroad that she had been advised by a much-traveled friend to spend a few days at Bryn Mawr College in lieu of a European trip, absorbing the Old World atmosphere of its last two buildings—Denbigh that was and will be again, and the two Pembrokes.

"At last, on the fifth of last December, our hopes came to fruition when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, after a careful examination of the resources and needs of the college, promised to give us two of the buildings we most needed—a central heating and light plant, to cost approximately \$100,000 (since increased to \$120,000), and a new hall of residence, to cost \$130,000; in other words, agreed to make a gift to the college of the value of \$250,000 if the friends of the college would in their turn give it a library and lecture building of the value of \$250,000. This great gift was to be made if during the six months that were to elapse between December 5 and to-day our other friends shared Mr. Rockefeller's faith in the college sufficiently to double his gift.

"Since December all our efforts have been bent to the one great end of raising this fund. Our undergraduate students have subscribed \$10,000; over \$6,000 of this is in hand and the remaining \$4,000 is to be obtained by a May Day fête next year, guaranteed by three responsible people. The alumnæ of the college have organized themselves by classes and by cities and have not only themselves subscribed to the extent of their means, but have asked many others to join them in subscribing. Two subscriptions of \$10,000 each, three subscriptions of \$5,000 each and four subscriptions of \$1,000 each come from individual alumnæ. If we count subscriptions given by fathers and mothers of alumnæ and former students or obtained by the efforts of alumnæ, the grand total of \$149,000 is reached. Of this amount, apart from sums of \$1,000 and over, 306 members of the thirteen classes made up of graduates of the college and former undergraduate students have subscribed \$15,894.83 in smaller sums, a magnificent result when we remember that these subscribers are young women without independent fortunes, who are not engaged in business giving them control of money.

"If the raising of this fund for the college had had no other tangible result it has sufficed to assure those of us who have followed most closely the efforts of the alumnæ that the future of Bryn Mawr College is secure in the devotion and love of the graduates

and the students whom she has sent out. The names of our generous donors will be commemorated on the arches of the cloister garden of the library.

"Our profoundest gratitude is due to Mr. Rockefeller first of all for his magnificent individual gift, and also to the 416 generous donors of our library building, many of whom have made personal sacrifices to make this splendid gift to the college.

"In looking over the list I have been deeply touched to see many contributions that represent what would be equivalent to many thousands of dollars from people more richly endowed with this world's goods; for example, one alumna who has educated two sisters, one at college and one in a profession, on the money she has earned since leaving college (during which time she has been doing her own cooking for economy's sake) has subscribed \$25 to the library, which represents in sacrifice as many thousands.

"Each individual stone of the beautiful library building which will soon be constructed on our college campus will thus represent the gifts of many friends of the college; each subscription built into its walls will symbolize a friend in the present and for the future, and beside the library building that we shall see will stand one even more stately and beautiful, shadowy and yet real, built of the good wishes and the sympathy of those who would have given if they could.

"This is the first gift of such magnitude received by the college since its foundation in 1885. One-half the cost of Dalton Hall, or \$30,000, was subscribed by many friends, and we owe a large increase in our educational facilities each year to the generous gifts of a woman who is always first to help all things that concern women's education, whose check for \$10,000 for general college purposes was sent me only last week, and whose total contributions during the past nine years have amounted to \$150,000. She is so well known to the faculty and students of Bryn Mawr College that I need scarcely name her—my friend, our friend, Miss Garrett, of Baltimore."

Philadelphia paper, June 6, 1902.



Senior Dear



Class Officers

President—GERTRUDE ELIZABETH DIETRICH.

Vice-President and Treasurer—IDA LANGDON.

Secretary—

{ ELEANOR LOUDENOIS BURRELL, resigned. MARGRETTA SHAW STEWART.

Offices Held During the Year by Members of the Class of 1903

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

President—Edith Dabney.

Vice-President—Gertrude Elizabeth Dietrich.

Advisory Board—Ethel Hulburd,

Ida Langdon,

Evelyn Morris,

Christina Garrett.

College Settlement Chapter.

Secretary—Rosalie Telfair James.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—Anne Maynard Kidder.

Vice-President—Eleanor Loudenois Burrell.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Helen Jackson Raymond.

Indoor Manager-Rosalie Telfair James.

DE REBUS CLUB.

Grace Lynde Meigs,

Louise Parke Atherton,

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant,

Martha Root White.

LANTERN.

Editor-in-Chief—Anne Maynard Kidder.

Editor—Grace Lynde Meigs.

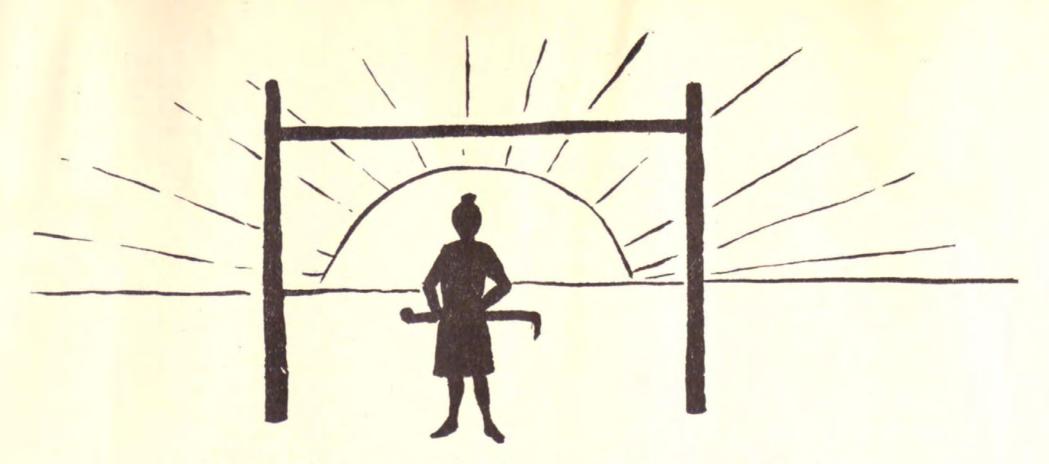
FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE.

Editor-in-Chief—Martha Root White.

Managing Editor—Constance Davis Leupp.

Editor—Grace Lynde Meigs.





Bryn Mawr vs. Merion Cricket Club

Tune: "Australian Girl."

O the Bryn Mawr team is the best of all,
Hit along! hit along!
When they bully or whack or shoot the ball,
Hit along! hit along!
Hit along, O 'Varsity,
Hit along! hit along!
Hit along and don't you muff the ball,
You're playing for Bryn Mawr!

Tune: "Son of a Gambolier."

We've swept the East, we've swept the West,
We've swept both near and far;
The brightest of the hockey stars
Are gathered at Bryn Mawr.
Though Merion may play the game
And keep a pretty line,
Yet whither doth the moon go
When the sun begins to shine?

CHORUS.

So, hit along, hit along, hit along, hit along, Hit along, 'Varsity!

Your heart may pound and your breath be short, You're playing for B. M. C.;

And well we know so fine a team
Can never defeated be.

So, hit along, hit along, hit along, Hit along, 'Varsity!

We love to see young Denny hit,
We love to see Day run;
Whenever Raymond gets the ball,
There's bound to be some fun.
With Peters playing full-back,
Guarded well by stalwart Smith,
We fear that Merion's hoped-for goals
Are but a transient myth.—Сно.

Hockey Match Games

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, November 6

| MERION TEAM. | BRYN MAWR TEAM. |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| Forwards. | Forwards. |
| Right wingSharwood | Right wingL. Marshall, '05 |
| Right inside | Right inside |
| Centre | Centre |
| Left inside E. Lloyd | Left inside |
| Left wingMrs. Barlow | Left wingL. Lombardi, '04 |
| Half-Backs. | Half-Backs. |
| Right Blanchard | Right L. Peck, '04 |
| CentreD. Crawford | Centre |
| LeftS. Tunerick | Left |
| Full-Backs. | Full-Backs. |
| Right E. P. Williams | Right E. Harrington, 'o6 |
| Left Brown | LeftI. Peters, '04 |
| GoalA. Bowan | Goal |
| Ump | ires. |
| Merion—J. A. Lester. | Bryn Mawr—S. F. Adams. |

The first of the three match hockey games between the Merion Cricket Club and Bryn Mawr College was played on Thursday, November 6. Score, 2-0 in favor of Bryn Mawr.

The game was called at three o'clock, and consisted of two halves of thirty minutes each with an intermission of ten minutes. The game was particularly interesting because it was the first match game of hockey ever played at Bryn Mawr. The two teams were very evenly matched, although their methods were different. Merion depended on individual work, while Bryn Mawr won by teamplay. Merion played a defensive game for the most part, but the splendid work of their full-backs and the fact that all of their forwards and half-backs play within their own circle prevented Bryn Mawr from shooting many goals.

The good features of the game were the pretty passing of the Bryn Mawr forwards, the straight line that they kept and the fast dribbling of the right wing. The half-backs and full-backs are especially to be commended for their well-aimed long hits. The Bryn Mawr team fulfilled our highest expectations and played in beautiful form, scarcely ever losing position.

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, November 8

| MERION TEAM. | BRYN MAWR TEAM, |
|---|--|
| Forwards. | Forwards. |
| Right wing F. M. Horstman Right inside E. P. Williams Centre M. Wood Left inside E. Lloyd Left wing Mrs. Barlow | Right wingL. Marshall, '05 Right insideH. Kempton, '05 CentreH. Raymond, '03 Left insideM. Richardson, '06 Left wingL. Lombardi, '04 |
| Half- $Backs$. | Half-Backs. |
| Right | Right L. Peck, '04 Centre C. Denison, '05 Left C. Case, '04 |
| Full-Backs. | Full-Backs. |
| Right Brown Left R. Wood Goal A. Bowan | Right |

On Saturday, November 8, the second match hockey game with the Merion Cricket Club was played.

The game began in a lively manner. There was much exciting dribbling up and down the field, which after three minutes resulted in a pretty goal for the Merion team. During the remainder of the half no more goals were scored, but the plays were none the less interesting. Excitement rose when the Merion forwards went running up the field with the ball, but the Bryn Mawr right full-back stepped in their way, made a clean stop,—one of her long hits,—and all the players faced around.

During the second half the side lines appreciated more and more the excellent playing of the Merion full-backs. After fifteen minutes of running, Merion scored her second goal. It was only a little later when it seemed as if Merion were to make another goal, but the Bryn Mawr goal-keeper hit a pretty ball and so the score remained 2-0 in Merion's favor.

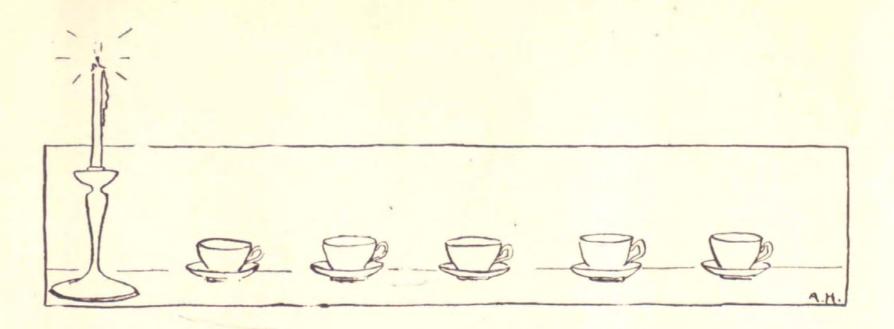
Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, November 11

| MERION TEAM. | BRYN MAWR TEAM. | | |
|-----------------|---|--|--|
| Forwards. | Forwards. | | |
| Right wing | Right wing | | |
| Half- $Backs$. | Half-Backs. | | |
| Right | Right | | |
| Full-Backs. | Full-Backs. | | |
| Right | Right I. Peters, '04 Left G. Fetterman, '03 Goal H. Smith, 06 | | |

The third game of the Bryn Mawr-Merion hockey match was played Tuesday, November 11, resulting in a score of 3-0 in favor of Bryn Mawr. Both teams went into the game with a firm determination to win, and good playing was done on both sides. The Bryn Mawr team adopted their opponents' tactics and resorted to individual play, quite abandoning the perfect team-work which had characterized the two former games. Particularly brilliant playing was done by the right wing, whose long runs and clever passes excited the admiration of everyone. Several subs were on the team, but they rose to the occasion nobly and did much to win the day. The Merion team played a defensive game as before and it required great ingenuity on the part of the Bryn Mawr team to pass their formidable full-backs.







Extracts from the Minutes of the Class of 1903

NOVEMBER 10, 1902.

Moved, seconded and carried:

That the chair be empowered to appoint a committee of two to see about buying cups and spoons for the class teas.

NOVEMBER 18, 1902.

Moved, seconded and carried:

That the committee get plain green cups and spoons for the class.

Moved, seconded and carried:

That if we are going to rent the spoons, the chair appoint a committee to take care of them.

DECEMBER 1, 1902.

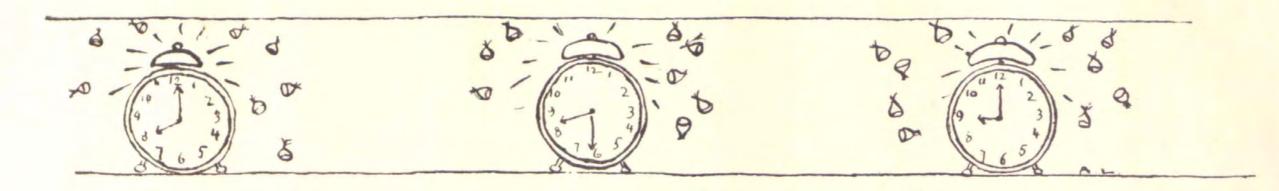
Moved, seconded and carried:

That the class buy cups at \$3.50 a dozen.

DECEMBER 16, 1902.

Moved, seconded and carried:

That we wait to get green cups.



"The Loan of a Lyre"

Friday, October 24, 1902

HE annual performance of "The Loan of a Lyre" took place on Friday evening, October 24. The play, or more correctly, the money that was taken in at the play, was for the benefit of the Undergraduate Association.

The principal part was well rendered by Miss Leupp, who prompted perfectly from beginning to end. The audience enjoyed hearing her say all the things the cast should have said but forgot,—you see the play was so new to them. We feel sure that anyone in college, barring '05 and '06, could have taken any rôle without even rehearing.

Comparing this last performance to the former ones, we feel that the cast may boast of a few improvements. Miss Follansbee's fiery beard had turned gray and didn't come off whenever she began one of her long soliloquies. Miss Strong's voice had grown more refined and sensitive and her hair was becomingly coiffured. Miss White, as Milton Barcarole, had developed great strength of character since we saw her last. This was shown by the firm manner she assumed toward the other members of the cast when they forgot their parts. "That's the wrong thing," she would say; and then the audience would have the pleasure of hearing the cast go back and repeat a few speeches in order to catch the right cue. Miss Chauvenet's acting showed force, and we had no idea a crusty guardian could find the situation so laughable. Miss Kidder was good enough to encore several of her speeches even before she was asked.

The most astonishing thing in connection with the play is that a poster announced it as "positively the last appearance!" It would seem incredible, but we have it on the best authority that the one surviving manuscript is to be burned at the Senior bonfire! And the cast really need a manuscript to be prompted from during every performance of "The Loan of a Lyre."

From the Fortnightly Philistine.



Oral Songs

Tune: "Mr. Dooley."

There is a language known to all,
Oh, parlez-vous Français;
A language that is spoken by the Senior Class to-day.
They're conversant with Brunetière,
They know their lists no doubt,
But once behind the fatal door,
You hear them stammer out:

Oh Mr. Foulet, oh Mr. Foulet, Am I the very worst you ever knew? Vous dites traduisez, je suis épuisé, But, Mr. Foulet, kindly let me through!

As the inner door was opened wide,
She bowed and stepped right in;
She thought she knew her German
As they know it in Berlin.
She read it schlecht,
She was not keck,

They did not ask for more;
And as she finished, who was first to show her to the door?
'Twas Mr. Collitz, 'twas Mr. Collitz.
A man we do not care to interview!
Oh, see our thränen, how they are rainin,'
Oh, Mr. Collitz, won't you put me through!

Tune: "Baby on the Shore."

Ritchie's checks were clanking very loudly,
Clanking as they'd never clanked before,
As she dragged each Senior from her burrow
And engulfed her behind that awful door.

They had swiped our Anglo-Saxon baby,
From Yarrow and his medieval lore,
And stuck him up in Taylor office,
To cry, "Come back again, zurück, encore!"

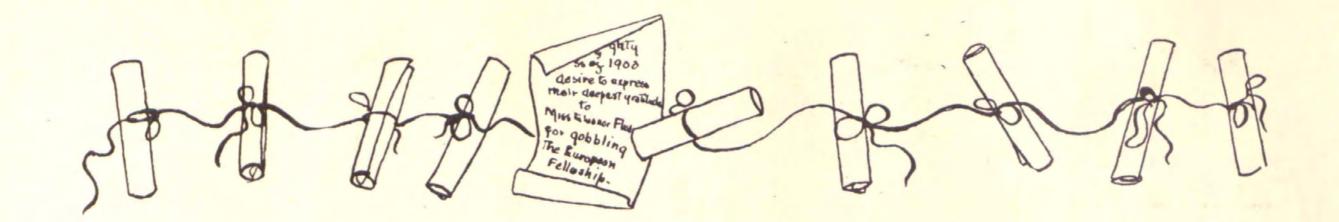
Pianissimo:

We done it, no mortal could do more!

We skedaddled very quickly through that door,

And we told the Ritchie, very gently,

She would find some ruddy locks upon the floor!



Fellowship Dinner

Denbigh, March 20, 1903

On this occasion there were with us several distinguished guests.

Song to 1903—March

O we are Seniors, yes we're 1903,
We have a Fellow here as you can see,
She brings high credit to her class and college,
Wonderful prodigy of universal knowledge.
Broken all records of the Bryn Mawr Fellow,
Added more glory to the white and yellow,
When have such dizzy heights been safely reached before?
Three rousing cheers for Eleanor!

1905 to 1903

April 4, 1903

Uncle Tom's Cabin

| Uncle Tom | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| St. Clare | |
| Legree | |
| Legree | |
| Haley | |
| George Harris | H. Lynn Unkempt One |
| Sambo | Mike McGuckin |
| Topsy | Miss Fetch To-day |
| Eliza | Miss E. G. Sandwich |
| Ophelia | Miss Mulberry Sparks |
| Marie St. Clare | Miss Adellegg Havebog |
| Casmeline { Cassy | Miss A. Merry Spender |
| Little Eva | Miss L. C. Henrietta |

1903 to 1905

Tune: "The Pope, He Leads a Merry Life."

The Sophs, they lead a merry life, merry life, With wit and humor they are rife, they are rife. When we're their guests we're in for fun, And so we love them every one!

In basket-ball they are wonders, they are wonders;
In Gym contests they make no blunders, make no blunders,
And when their histrionic art they try,
Upon the Bryn Mawr stage—oh, my!

Their Pegasus hath soared so high, soared so high, He most scorched his wings up in the sky, up in the sky, He hath consorted with the muses nine, And that is why this play's so fine.

So chant their praises, 1903, 1903, Good-luck and long prosperity, prosperity, To this the nicest class alive, Our jolly Freshmen, 1905!

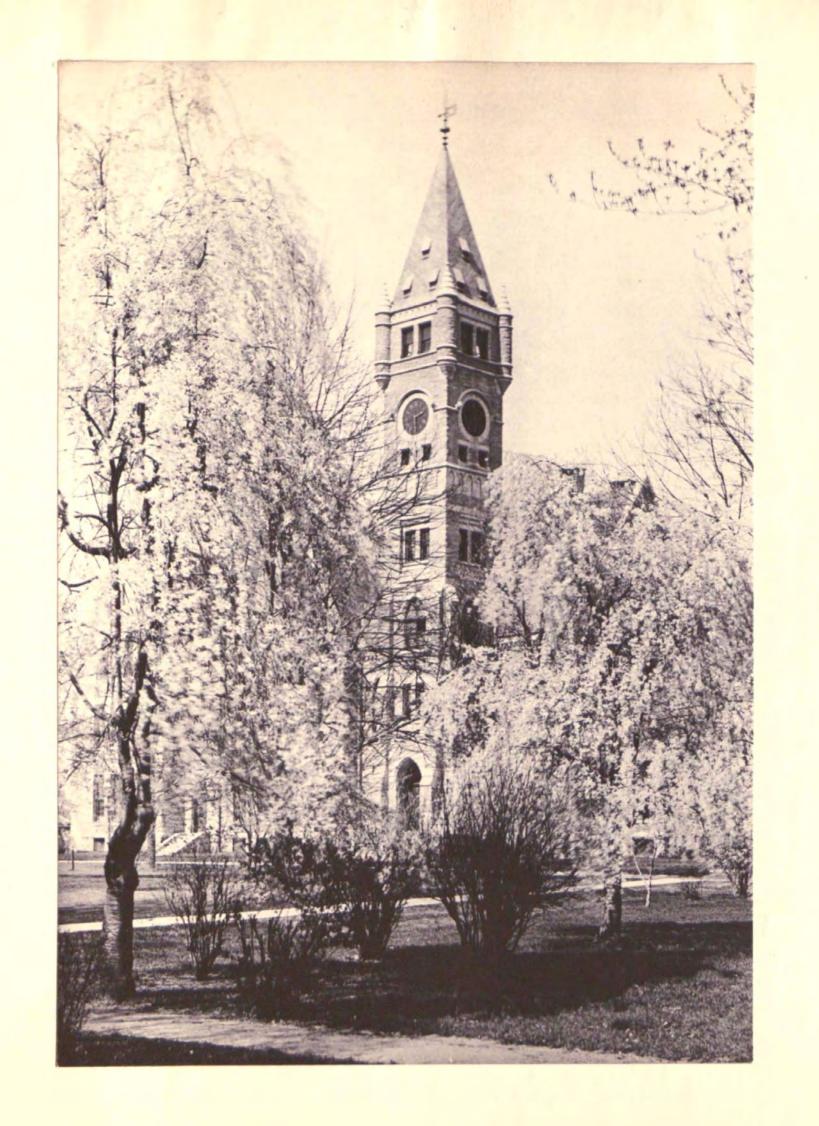
CHEER.

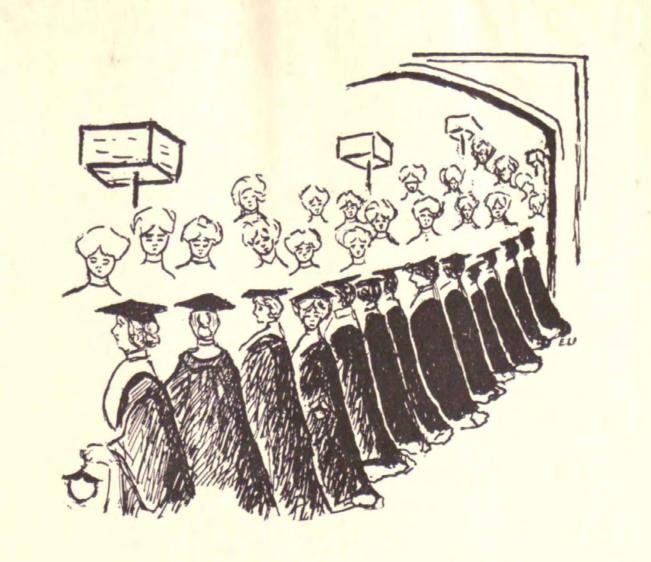
Juba! Juba! Juba! Juba!
Oh, Seniors, come and look alive,
And cheer the class that's bound to thrive,
It is the Class of 1905!—Juba!

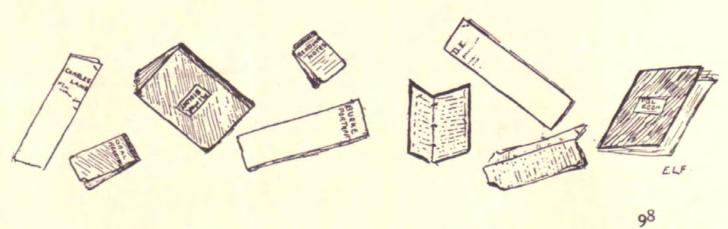
"The Belle's Stratagem"

CAST.

| CA | 51. |
|---------------|--|
| Doricort | |
| Hardy | Anne Greene |
| | Frederika LeFevre |
| | Caroline Morrow |
| | Ruth Strong |
| | Alice Meigs |
| | |
| | |
| | Constance Leupp |
| | |
| | Virginia Stoddard, Ethel Hulburd |
| Gentlemen | Virginia Stoddard, Ethel Hulburd Marion Reilley, Helen Kempton |
| Letitia Hardy | Anne Kidder |
| | |
| | Florence Craig |
| | Lucia Ford |
| | Eunice Follansbee |
| | Edith Dahney Emily Larrabee |
| Ladies } | Edith Dabney, Emily Larrabee May Montague, Ethel Girdwood |
| | and the state of t |





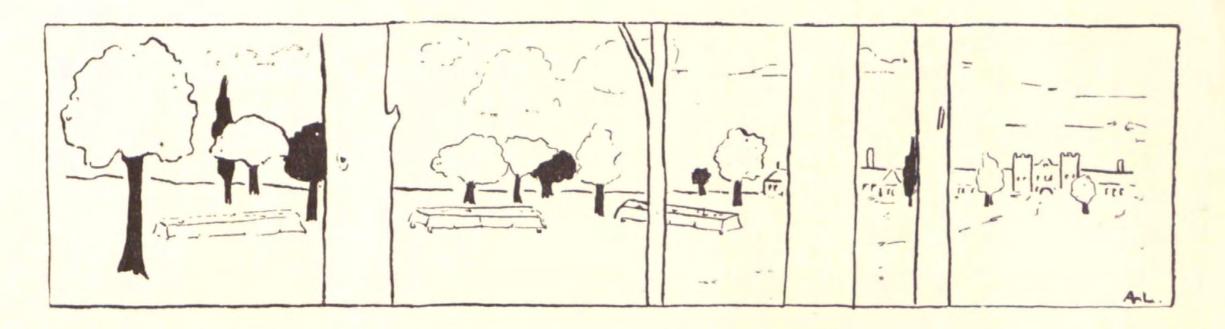


Class Song

Here's to our class and the happy days we've spent
In our work and our play together;
Here's a health to classmates true,
Whom we've known the four years through
In fair and in stormy weather!

CHORUS.

Winds that sweep the campus,
Winds that stir the vines,
High o'er the towers standing gray and still
When the shadows lengthen,
When the summer shines,
Blow her our blessings and steadfast will.
Though the years shall part us,
Though we be far,
1903 shall honor and praise Bryn Mawr!



Guess!

T was June fourth, nineteen-thirteen, and a jovial bevy of ladies, no longer in their first youth, were having tea on the campus. At the lemonade table presided a white-gowned, ruddy-haired young matron, with a grace that recalled Philos. teas of years gone by.

"Well, my dear," she was saying to a tall brunette nearby, bearing in her eyes all the marks of mild genius, "who would have thought, in the days when you painted the scenery that set off the numerous affaires d'amour in which we have indulged, that you would be leading a semi-Bohemian life in Paris, with your music and your art? I have often excited John by telling him I was quite used to having dark-eyed young men fall on their knees before me—" and she ended in a coquettish little laugh.

"What's that—what's that you are saying?" interrupted the short, jolly little president of Thomas University, Seattle, Wash. (People sometimes wondered why she had such influence with the students, but the ladies at the tea-party knew well it was because of her strict adherence to truth and a kindly interest in the individual—qualities she had always considered essential in a president.)

"Here's someone who wants to hear all about it, too," she went on, drawing into the circle a golden-haired, pale-faced woman, with a serious mouth and an artificial demureness in her eyes. "What—" she began. "Goshvictuals!" shouted a loud voice from behind, "where did you get that Chinese upholstered coat, like the old one?" "Why?" came the reply, "do you want a picture and description of it for the next edition of your magazine, Miss Editor? I'll have it taken to-morow—will that be in time? And must it be at Broadbent's?"

At this point a fuzzy-haired, pink-cheeked little lady strolled up. "Have you heard the news?" she asked. "Our friend Nell is going to be at the head of the Poly. Con. department next year. It will be as good as having Dr. Keasbey back again. I hope she will still be here when my little Sue comes in. And here comes another faculty member," as a slender, stooping woman approached from the direction of Low Buildings. "I was so sorry I could not come earlier, but if you knew how many Descriptive English papers I had to correct and how many deferred Gwinn portraits due back to-day!" "Never mind," they answered, "we heard you had some news for us." "There is added more glory to the white and yellow," she went on. "Broken all records of the Bryn Mawr Fellow, a Ph. D. from Oxford, an honorary LL. D. from the Sorbonne, an E. L. F. at Leipsig, and the offer of the chair in the 'Literature of the World' at Chicago University!"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed a slim, piquant, yellow-haired woman in a basket-ball suit. "What's this? we've just come to tell you that we've done it for once, and the alumnæ have beaten the 'Varsity 22-0 at last. And besides I want to introduce to you the new leader of the Philharmonic—the first Bryn Mawr girl to lead an orchestra." And she pushed forward a modest, strong-looking woman with smooth brown hair.

"In the light of the memory of singing on the steps, I am sorry for the orchestra," sighed a round little person with fly-away hair and a turned-up nose.

"You needn't talk," someone answered her, "after afflicting us with another volume of 'Plain Tales from the West.' Have you seen the review of them by our faculty critic?" Here they turned on the other literary lady again, but she had wandered off a little, and the authoress flew after her, reaching her just as the innocent pedlar at the gate shouted: "Oranges, peanuts and bananas!" The party around the tea-table looked after them smiling, knowing they would be lost in reminiscences until time for the supper.

"There comes our Angel Junior," shouted the brown-haired musician, as there came over the green lawn a stately, beautiful woman dressed in shining white and with a parasol over her shoulder. "So it is," they echoed, "and there's Bob Acres, too, looking as sprightly as ever, in spite of his gay career. I wonder if she still dances 'the pickaninnies'—we must make her do it later." And they turned to greet the newcomers.

At the other end of the table four young matrons were busily discussing household affairs.

"They used to tell us college spoiled us for married life," declared the tall one. "But, golly, I've been married ten years and have the model household of Pittsburg."

"That's only because I've been living in Lawrenceville all that time. Charlie says I'm the model housekeeper of the century," came from a small, brown-haired girl with a clean-looking complexion. Then a demure little woman remarked: "Harrisburg isn't a good field for housekeepers, but I've done well and had only six cooks this winter. But Meg here can give us all points about housekeeping in Porto Rico—we couldn't all do that well—but then we didn't all start with a 1903 loving cup to grace our parlors—no, sitting-rooms." And she turned, laughing, toward a pretty, pink-cheeked young matron.

"No, and we couldn't all be Goldylocks and married in the same week," laughed a "nice old hag" joining them. "You 'I'vebeen-married-for-ten-years' people bunch so dreadfully. Won't you have some more lemonade?" and she turned to do something for those around her, quite oblivious of the fact that a classinate, with whom she had an engagement to play tennis, had been waiting twenty minutes. Suddenly she stopped in doubt. "Two cherries moulded on one stem—two hearts that'—what shall I do, give them one or two glasses of lemonade?" as she saw the class inseparables approaching. "They have only one name, but I'll give them two glasses"—"Why, hello there, hag, how's Boston?" as a tall, sweet-faced woman swept up, seeming to bring with her an atmosphere of calm and composure. "Well, well, it is nice to be back again," she remarked, beaming about on everybody. "I wonder if my imps are as sprightly as of yore. Where are they?"

But what is occupying this little group under the tree? From the laughter of the auditors and the grimaces of the smiling, expansive narrator it must be an ape or a willy story. "Isn't it sweet? It amused me so, oh dear," she sighed, as she ended. "I can match that," exclaimed a listener, who was distinguished by her strangely vivid clothes and the air of a woman of the world. "When I was living in New Zealand—" she began. "Dear, I don't like these stories—where is—where is—oh there she is!" and a fly-away, light-haired spinster turned and walked off toward Merion with the president of Thomas College, inquiring anxiously about the success of her honor-system.

"Girls, girls!" shouted a young-looking person, whose yellow hair and childish lisp contrasted oddly with her strenuous face. "You really must come and dress for the class supper, or it will be so hard for the committee to seat you. Be ready at 4.15 sharp—no—I mean eight o'clock. But first let's give a cheer for Bryn Mawr and decennial reunions. Now show your college spirit!"

The tea-party joined heartily, under their old leader, and then wandered off over the grass.

Taylor tower blinked genially over the deserted campus, as the warm light faded. "Heigho," he sighed, "how the years do fly! Who would have thought it ten years ago, who would have thought it?"

Synopsis of Basket-Ball Scores

| | 1 | 1900 | | | | | 1902 |
|----------|-------|--------|-------|--------|---------|--------|--|
| DATE | TEAM. | SCORE. | TEAM. | SCORE. | VICTOR. | TOTAL. | DATE TEAM. SCORE. TEAM. SCORE. VICTOR. TOTAL. |
| April 25 | 1902 | 6 | 1903 | I | 1902 | 6-1 | May 5 1902 4 1903 I 1902 4-1 |
| April 26 | 1902 | 5 | 1903 | 4 | 1902 | 5-4 | May 6 |
| May 4 | 1900 | 2 | 1901 | I | 1900 | 2-I | May 7 1902 6 1903 1 1902 6-1 |
| May 7 | 1900 | 16 | 1901 | 3 | 1900 | 16-3 | May 8 |
| May 8 | 1900 | 4 | 1902 | 0 | 1900 | 4-0 | May 10 1904 4 1905 2 1904 4-2 |
| May 10 | 1900 | 2 | 1902 | I | 1900 | 2-I | May 12 1902 6 1904 0 1902 6-0 |
| | | | | | | | May 14 1902 I 1904 I Tie I-I |
| | 1 | 901 | | | | | May 16 1902 5 1904 0 1902 5-0 |
| DATE | TEAM. | SCORE. | TEAM. | SCORE. | VICTOR. | TOTAL. | |
| May 2 | 1901 | 2 | 1902 | 2 | Tie | 2-2 | 1903 |
| May 3 | 1903 | 2 | 1904 | 0 | 1903 | 2-0 | They beat us to-day. |
| May 6 | 1901 | 3 | 1902 | 2 | 1901 | 3-2 | Will they beat us to-morrow? |
| May 7 | 1903 | I | 1904 | 4 | 1904 | 4-0 | Let it be as it may, |
| May 8 | 1903 | 0 | 1904 | 2 | 1904 | 2-0 | They beat us to-day. |
| May 13 | 1901 | 4 | 1902 | 2 | 1901 | 4-2 | But we didn't half play, |
| May 15 | 1901 | II | 1904 | I | 1901 | II-O | As I know to my sorrow— |
| May 17 | 1901 | 8 | 1904 | 0 | 1901 | 8-0 | They beat us to-day, Will they beat us to-morrow? |

Synopsis of Hockey Scores—1902

| TEAM. | SCORE. | TEAM. | SCORE | VICTOR. | TOTAL. |
|-------|--------|-------|-------|---------|--------|
| 1905 | 2 | 1906 | 3 | 1906 | 3-2 |
| 1903 | O | 1904 | 3 | 1904 | 3-0 |
| 1905 | 5 | 1906 | O | 1905 | 5-0 |
| 1903 | 5 | 1904 | O | 1903 | 5-0 |
| 1905 | 4 | 1906 | O | 1905 | 4-0 |
| 1903 | 2 | 1904 | I | 1903 | 2-I |
| 1903 | 2 | 1905 | 3 | 1905 | 3-2 |
| 1903 | I | 1905 | 3 | 1905 | 3-1 |

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DIED DECEMBER 14, 1899

DIED DECEMBER 21, 1901



Sælly Porter Low Bruc. 1903





*19 Pambrolle Vast

































































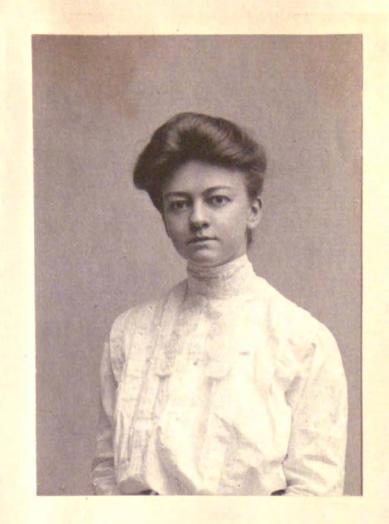








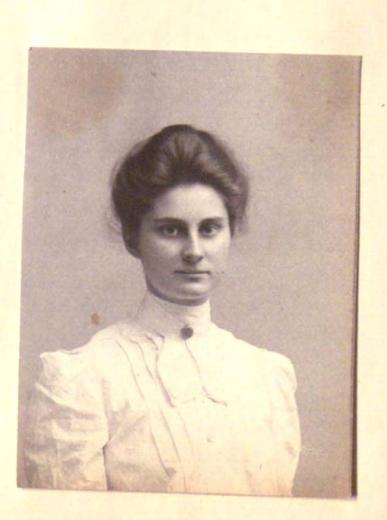










































* 19 Pembroke East

















































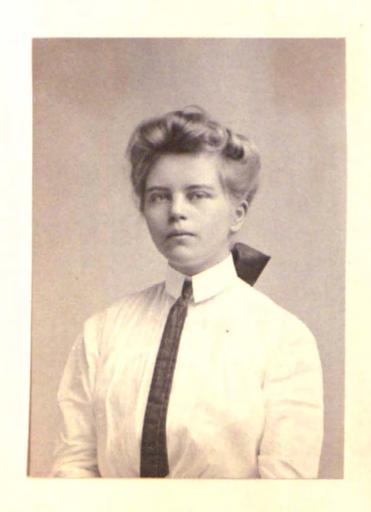














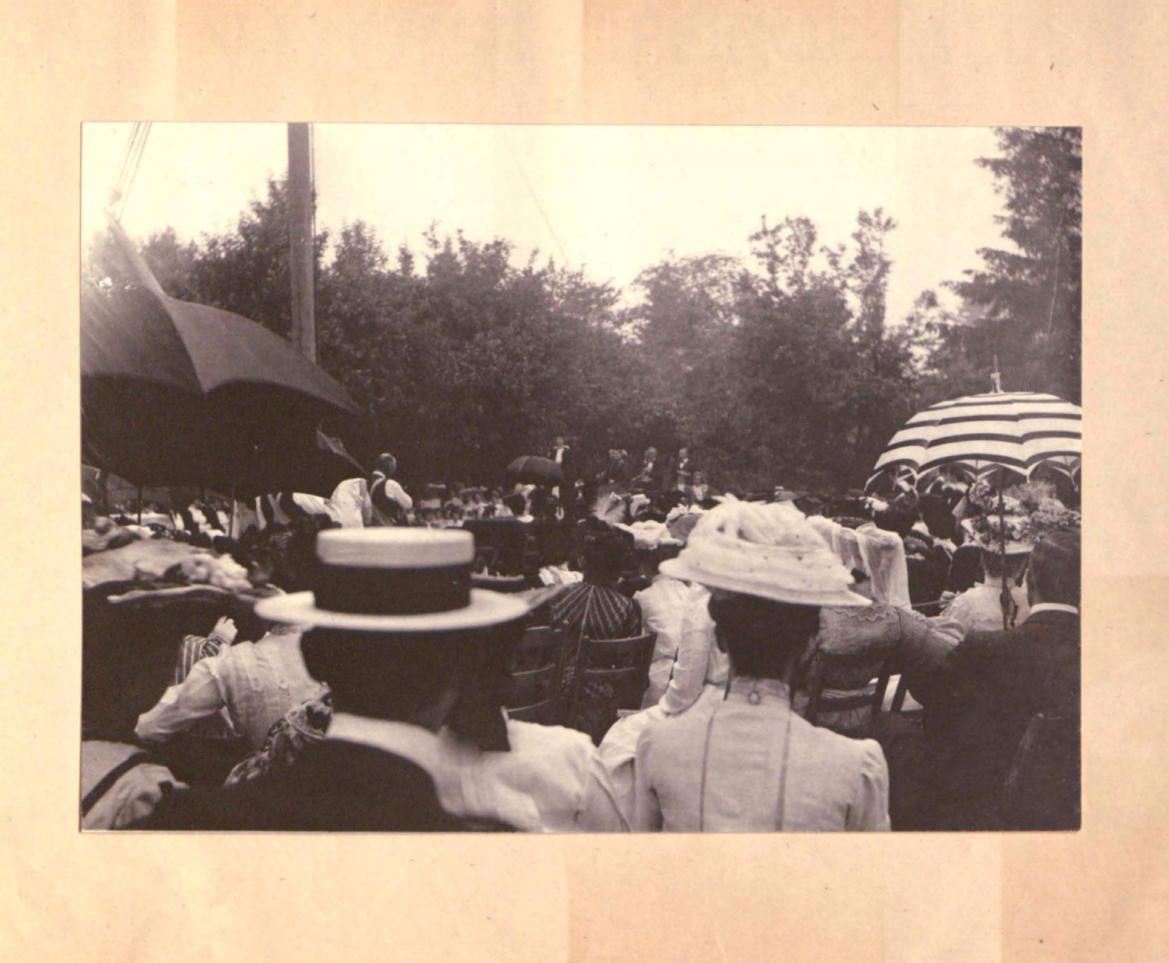














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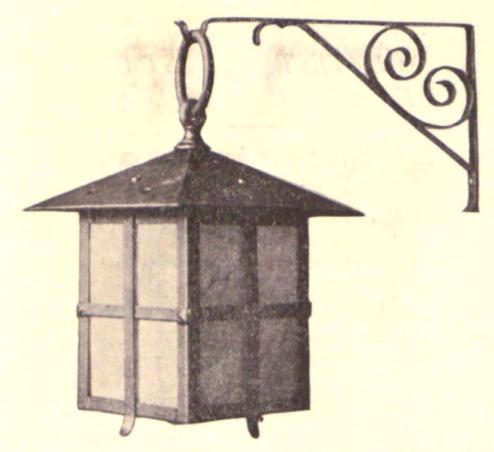
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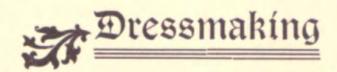
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